The Saint Andrew's College Review

Midsummer 1911

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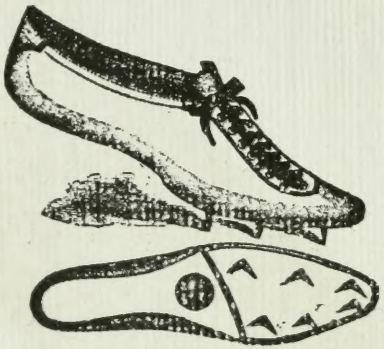

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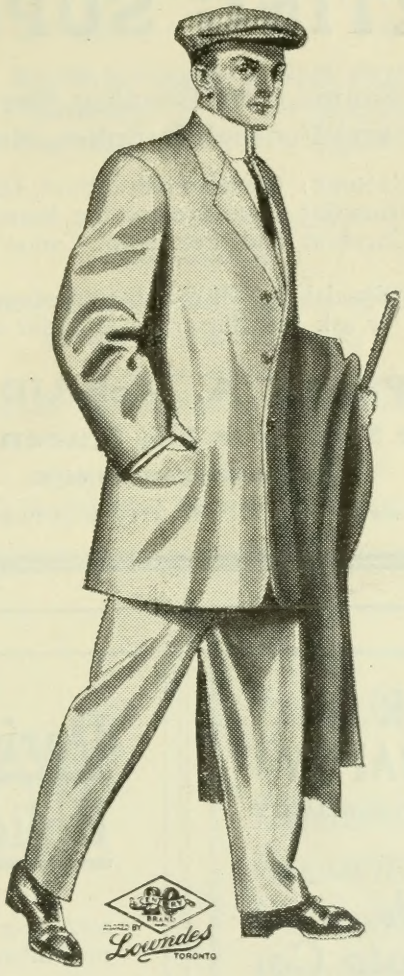

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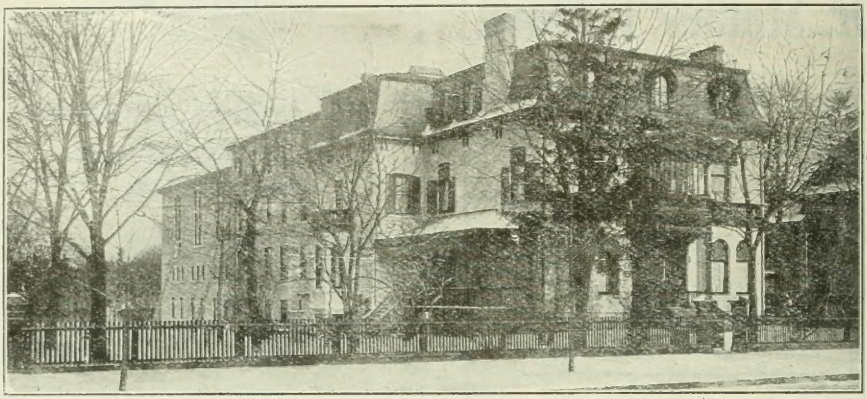

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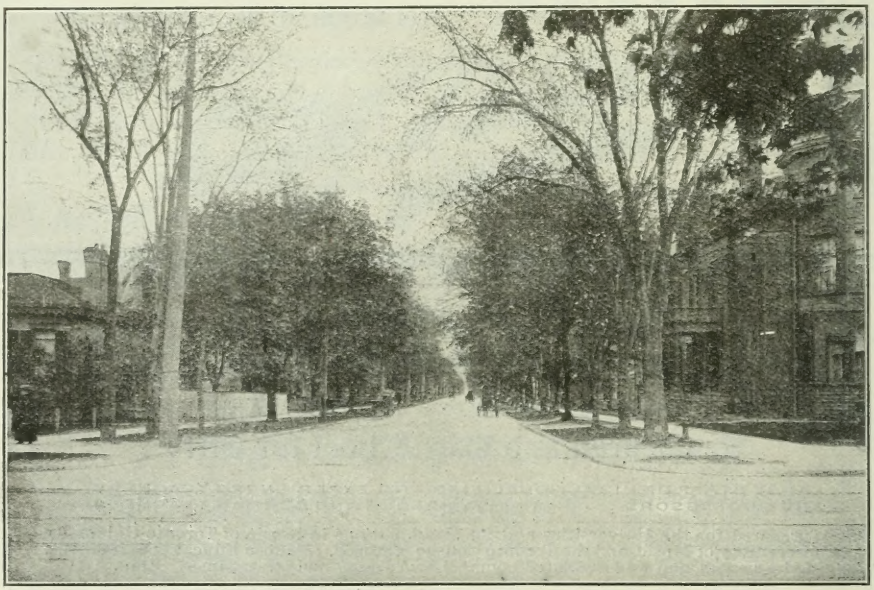

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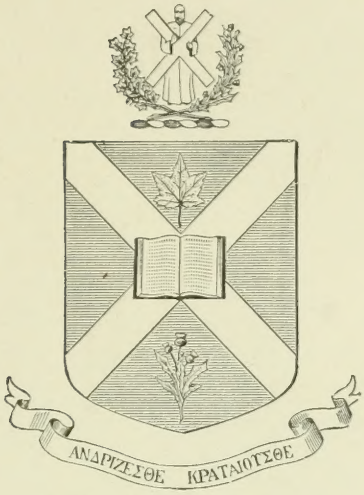

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REVIEW STAFF

St. Andrew's College Review

MIDSUMMER, 1911

EDITORIALS.

LITTLE over a year ago the Empire was plunged into grief by the death of a beloved and honored ruler. To-day, throughout the British realm, but more especially in historic London, elaborate preparations are being made for the coronation of the great Peacemaker's son—King George the Fifth. With a wonderful blending of quaint mediæval custom and of more modern ceremony, a pageant of unwonted splendor is being planned with amazing accuracy of detail and kingly consideration by our indefatigable monarch and his able consort. With all the gorgeousness, all the pomp and grandeur that one year ago attended the royal obsequies, lacking only the sadness of that historic event, the crowning of our King and Queen will add its page to the history of the land and two more names be added to that long and wonderful list of those who have wielded the sceptre for good or ill.

Already King George and Queen Mary have taken their place in the heart of Britain and her colonies, and it is safe to prophesy that their reign will be one of prosperity and happiness. The good-will and affection of the Empire is theirs. Long may they reign.

During the present school year the reorganization of the College government has been completed, and St. Andrew's College is now conducted as a Trust under the authority of a special Act of the Ontario Legislature passed last session. A perusal of the names of

the gentlemen forming the Corporation and thus becoming the first Board of Governors will convince our readers that the counsels of St. Andrew's College will be wisely directed and her affairs strongly administered. It is a matter of congratulation to the College that this important move in her development has been successfully completed. We are now no longer a proprietary institution, but have become a "public school" founded as an Educational Trust by private endowment. This step in advance was possible of accomplishment because of the generosity of the many shareholders who held stock in the original company, and the REVIEW feels that it voices the feeling of all loyal boys of St. Andrew's College, present and past, when it expresses gratitude to those whose generosity has made the reorganization possible.

Members of the St. Andrew's College Corporation: J. K. Macdonald, Esq., Sir Wm. Mortimer Clark, K.C.M.G., K.C., LL.D., Hon. Frank Cochrane, Rev. T. B. Kilpatrick, D.D., J. W. Flavelle, Esq., D. B. Hanna, Esq., Lt.-Col. A. E. Gooderham, Z. A. Lash, K.C., LL.D., Alexander Laird, Esq., Rev. D. H. Fletcher, D.D., H. E. Irwin, Esq., K.C., Frank A Rolph, Esq., Herbert J. Hamilton, M.D., A. M. Campbell, Esq., Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., LL.D.

The sad death by drowning of Arthur Hewitt came as a blow to his many friends at St. Andrew's and elsewhere. Of a bright and lovable nature, a fine athlete, a good companion, he admirably filled his place in college life, sharing its various activities with cheerful enthusiasm. He was a good student, and his future seemed assured. He sacrificed his life in a brave endeavor to save his younger brother and a little friend from a watery grave. "Greater love hath no man than this—that a man lay down his life for his friends." This seems particularly true of a young man who, at the call of danger, forgot his own condition in a brave attempt to rescue others; his memory will go down amongst those other heroes, old and young, who have passed so gloriously into the Great Unseen.

To his bereaved family and many friends, THE REVIEW extends very deep and sincere sympathy.

A STORM.

IT was in August, 188—, that my friend, Capt. Barclay, of the ship "Bolingbroke," asked me to go on a voyage to Buenos Ayres as his guest.

The "Bolingbroke" being an old sailing vessel used for carrying cargoes of the products of our manufactories to South America, I was the only passenger on board.

We sailed on Tuesday, September 2, at noon. When I went to bed about half-past ten the sky was full of stars and there was not a cloud to be seen anywhere. The night was hot and sultry, the more so as the light breeze which had been blowing had entirely fallen.

I slept soundly and did not wake until late, for I had been up early and was very tired.

After breakfast I went on deck. The scene was greatly changed. The "Bolingbroke," under reefed sails, was tearing along in the fierce wind. The sky was a mass of black clouds and sunlight was nowhere visible. The wind continued to rise until by half-past eleven we had to take the last reef in the sails.

The "Bolingbroke" was running before the wind, Captain Barclay at the helm. Of a sudden I saw a sailor who had been working in the rigging fall into the sea, his foot having slipped as he was descending to the deck. Immediately another sailor who had been working with him dived in after him. No sooner had the unfortunate man been seen to fall than a cry of "Man Overboard" went up and the captain put the ship about to lower a boat. A buoy was thrown to the men in the water, and a minute later a boat in charge of the second mate went after them. They were picked up and the boat returned to the ship. When all the men were safe on board the "Bolingbroke" was again put about and we sailed on as before.

The black mass of clouds in the sky grew denser and blacker. The sky flashed with frequent fire and at every flash the towering waves were made more visible.

Soon an order was given to shorten sail. However, before this could be done there was a deafening peal of thunder, and mingled

with it another sound—that of cracking timber. The mainmast had gone.

A sailor who was near was struck by a falling spar and borne down to the deck. When he was pulled out of the wreckage unconscious he was carried below. His arm was broken, but no more serious injury was done. The men instantly set about clearing away the broken spars and rigging. Until this task was finished the ship was in imminent danger. Every moment she might turn turtle. But this was not the only danger; every wave washed over the deck of the "Bolingbroke," and a man might easily be washed overboard, and without subjecting the ship to further danger no hands could be spared to get out a boat. However, at last the wreckage was cleared away and we proceeded on our voyage.

Soon it began to rain, and rain it did with a vengeance. Shortly after that the wind started to subside. The wind had greatly abated by six o'clock in the evening, but it was still raining hard. When the first mate came on deck the captain and I went below, and after dinner played chess until eleven o'clock, when I decided to go to bed.

When I arose in the morning I went on deck. The sky was blue, with a few little white clouds floating around. A gentle breeze was blowing from the east and the air was clear and fresh.

The ship could not make very good speed with no mainmast, so about three o'clock in the afternoon, the wind having freshened, we put into port for repairs. FRANCIS G. LIGHTBOURN.

Hair-Cutting Contest

"THE PAY HOLD UP."

THE manager of the Chilpantzingo Mines, in Northern Mexico, arose from his desk in the hot office and swore in both Spanish and English. He had plenty of reason for so doing. The pay mules had not arrived from Zimapan, a distance of some sixty miles. Already some of the laborers had thrown down their crowbars and shovels and had walked from the mines. It was now June the 4th, and the men should have received their pay by the last of the preceding month.

Along in the middle of the afternoon an old Indian came slowly down the trail and knocked respectfully at the office door. The manager stepped out to meet him, cursing as he went.

"I belong to the Sayula Mines," he began, "and was bringing mail over to Zimapan, when I saw some of your mules astray in the foothills of La Parilla. Later on I found the sun-bleached bones of my brother. I knew this by the hat that lay near by. Antonio, my brother, was your mule driver. Why he was killed and left in the road I cannot tell, unless he might have had your silver."

Van Sielen, the manager, took a pace backwards and stared the man in the eyes. He was struck dumb by the thought of twenty-two thousand Mex. being stolen. That would mean a riot of the men before money could be brought.

"My brother had a four-man guard and six mules," continued the ragged old man.

Van Sielen nodded; he had sent four men with the money.

"They, too, are dead," said the Indian. The manager paled a trifle.

"I brought your mules; they are in the corral," and he bowed and backed out of the office.

"Come back here!" yelled Van Sielen. "I want to know who did this."

"I think it was old Felipe and his gang; I know where they live. They killed my son and I followed them and killed the rascal that shot my son," the old man drawled.

"Here, take this and stay here to-night," Van Sielen gave him a five dollar bill. "Take your blanket and sleep in the watchman's hut."

The old man eyed the money; here he was being given what would take him a month to earn, and seemingly for nothing. He stretched out his grimy hand, took the money, and placed it in a small leather pocket on the inside of his belt, took a sip of alcohol from a battered canteen, lit a shuck, and started towards the watchman's house at the mouth of the mine.

That night the foreman and the manager sat in the office till the early hours of the morning talking of the hold-up.

The rising sun saw a little band of horsemen slowly picking their way down the La Parilla trail, about fifteen miles from the Chilpantzingo Mines. In mid-afternoon they came upon the bones of five men lying in the hot sun, with a few buzzards sailing placidly above them. They did not stop to examine their find, but pushed on for about two hours and came to the banks of a little stream. Here the old Indian said they would stop over night and get a good rest in order to leave early next day. Six horses were unsaddled and tied near-by. Six men ate a scanty supper, but only five men lay down to sleep, the old man walking around from where the horses were tied to where the others slept the whole night long until it was time to start. He had watered the animals early and they had had plenty of time to get it settled before the day's ride.

In an hour's time they were loping gently away from the foothills, and a long stretch of plain spread out before them, to the right, to the left.

The old guide pointed to a yellow cloud that was just nosing over the horizon. "Dust storm," he said shortly. "Tie your handkerchiefs around your noses and mouths and pull your hats down over your eyes." They obeyed, and even as they watched the cloud grew quickly, and little puffs of wind were heralding on the storm. The men dismounted, the horses instinctively turning their tails to the wind, and waited.

A few minutes passed and the first blast struck. The air was by no means refreshing, it was hot and laden with sand. That, however, soon died away, then came a roaring as of a huge waterfall. The very ground on which they stood fairly rose in one big cloud. Whirlwinds rushed by on all sides, little eddies played about behind the men and horses huddled close together. Hotter still became the wind, sand cut like flying glass, and little drops of blood stood out on already red cheeks. The horses stood placidly waving their tails, occasionally shaking their heads and snorting.

The old man, with a blanket over his head, leaned against his horse and took the storm as a kind of natural happening. The others coughed and rubbed their eyes. Finally, with a terrific blast, the wind died down and left a cool breeze following right behind it. This refreshed them, and after rinsing the dust and grit from their mouths, they rode on again. When the sun was directly overhead they stopped at a water-hole and rested during the hotter part of the day.

That night the foothills of the Congonda ranges darkened the horizon, and by eleven o'clock they were sleeping by a spring that lay at the bottom of a dark valley. The old man disappeared almost as soon as the others fell asleep. In the morning, however, they found him picking some canned eatables from his own saddle bags.

"I have located them," said he, briefly. "They are just about three miles from here. I will not fight against them—they are my kinsmen. I will stay behind and look after the horses when we get near enough to them to fire, if it is necessary. I have not slept for three nights and we had better stay here to-day; they will not see us; we will light no fires. One of us will stay up at the top of the hill and watch until nightfall," he concluded by taking a heavy breath.

* * * * * *

Meanwhile back at the mines the men were beginning to get sullen. Work had to be stopped altogether. Some of them had come into the office and demanded their pay. These, of course, were told the trouble, but when the ignorant Mexican laborers argued they were immediately thrown out. The foreman had been shot at twice, and it was no longer safe for the white men to go outside. Van Siclen ordered the officers into the house; the doors were locked and barricaded. It was a large stone house, two storeyed, and accommodated fifteen men and the offices. Then with the windows heavily boarded up it made a fairly strong fort.

Just the day before then men had, by throwing stones, broken all the windows, which smashed harmlessly against the boards behind. But now things were beginning to look worse. The Mexicans sulked around behind the trees, and now and again a puff of smoke would float up from a cover and a chip of wood fly off the inside of one of the window barricades.

For three long days the men stayed in the house. Once Van Siclen climbed from a back window to the flat roof, but when

bullets from farther up the mountains began to flip up little pieces of cement he hurriedly made his way back to shelter.

The white men of the mines, eight in all, were sitting on the floor with their backs to the wall in order to be below the level of the windows, when the chink cook crawled in on his hands and knees and said that they had only a few biscuits, a loaf of bread, and one or two cans of tomatoes. It would last only two more scanty meals. Nevertheless two more days passed, and the Mexicans still hung around, trying to get a shot at anyone who showed himself. Van Siclen by this time was getting determined. He arose from his position on the floor, lit a cigarette, took a rifle and belt from the corner, went upstairs and pulled a table-top from behind a window.

Slowly Van Siclen edged his head around the sash. The Mexicans had not seen him. There were two, now, leaning against a tree, smoking and talking as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened. The rifle came up to the manager's shoulder, the barrel rested on the sill. His finger whitened on the trigger, slowly the little metal went back under the steady pressure. Suddenly it relaxed, the gun was withdrawn, and Van Siclen shaded his eyes and peered at the white trail where it led over the mountain towards La Parilla.

* * * * * *

The old man having located Felipe and his gang, it would be an easy matter to find the place where they kept the stolen money. They were now sure that it had been he, as he had committed other crimes in the near vicinity before this and was badly wanted by the police.

All that day off and on someone went to the top of the ridge to watch the unsuspecting men in the valley below. The old Indian pointed out Felipe himself, a tall, wiry, dark man, from whose hips hung two formidable weapons, one a revolver and the other a heavy "machete," which he could use to perfection in a close fight. They made the brigands out to be twelve in all, but one was a cook and another was a workman, nevertheless these men would fight if needs be, and fight well, for fear of having their heads blown off by Felipe.

Then it was a case of five to twelve, as the old man would not join in the fight. However, he had it all planned out, and before dawn he crept down to the little open space where they were sleep-

ing, and, having brained the cook, who sat up and started to reach for his gun, he took a careful glance at the others and went back and explained the affair to his friends. Softly and slowly they sneaked down the hill to the place where eleven lay sleeping and one lay dead, with revolvers drawn and leveled. Each man was gently aroused to find himself looking into a steady blue barrel. Two of the miners did the work, waking and binding each man, while the others covered the sleeping ones. Finally all were bound and the gags were taken off.

"I'm glad I got a hold of you, Felipe," said one of the Americans, eyeing the Mexican with an eye of scorn. "You' been raisin' heck around La Parilla too, you' —!!!—! its a durn good thing fer the community that we got yer." He said all this in English, more for the benefit of the others of his party than for Felipe, who could not understand him, but he had the presence of mind to curse in Spanish so as to give the Mexican an idea what he was driving at. Then in Spanish: "Yu' got a few thou' from our place, a couple of days ago, and we're on to yu', so yu' might as well hand it over as quickly as possible, savez?"

"What do you mean?" returned Felipe, with the innocence of a babe.

"Come on now, none o' that," bellowed the speaker, "or I'll take you one by one and shoot away little unnecessary parts of your bodies." For proof of his ability to do this, he pointed to a buzzard that was sailing slowly overhead, raised his rifle and fired; the bird's wings raised above its head and it swooped to the ground, leaving a little train of feathers in its wake.

One of the Mexicans started to speak, but was silenced by an oath from Felipe.

"Let's hear it," said the big American, raising a revolver. The Mexican shook his head, the fire-arm cracked, the man's hat fell from his head and a little rivulet of blood trickled down his forehead. That was enough; he told them that the silver was hidden in a cave nearby. Felipe stormed and cursed at the Mexican for giving him away, but was silenced by the butt of a gun hitting him between the shoulder blades.

One of the miners went to investigate the cave and there he found the silver in the mine's own canvas bags, stamped "Chilpantzingo," and there were also two large boxes of provisions. With a little searching they found the bandit's horses and twelve

pack mules staked a little way out in the bush. These they loaded with the money and eatables. Then Felipe and his gang were tied, one by one, to their horses, that is, their feet were tied underneath the horse, and their hands bound behind their backs. The bridles of their mounts were tethered one to another, and thus they moved over the long two-day ride, the bandits riding on in front and the miners bringing up the rear. During the ride across the hot plains Felipe feigned sickness and wavered for a long time, then lunged sideways in his saddle. Hoping to be helped down and by some mischance make a getaway, he hung in that position. But not the least attention was paid to him, and he soon tired of it, righted himself and rode on.

When they reached the La Parilla crossing, the big American cantered up to the bandits, cut one of them loose, the one that had told of the hidden money. He gave him a knife, that he might protect himself. Told him that he was getting off easy, pointed to the La Parilla trail, and said: "Now git."

The grateful Mexican turned, and with his hat in his hand galloped down the trail, occasionally wheeling in the saddle and bowing or waving his hat at the Americans.

The next morning they topped the last rise and were starting down the slope towards the mines, when a curious scene loomed up before them. Mexicans were sitting behind trees and rocks and taking a shot now and again at the house. The upper windows were all open and Van Siclen was slowly withdrawing a cold rifle from the sill. The lower windows seemed to be blocked with boards and glass was strewn all over the yard.

The horsemen were noticed almost as soon as they came over the top of the hill, and a great yell went up, a yell of rage at first, but before it died away it turned to friendship. The Mexicans raced up the hill to meet them; they saw it was Felipe who had taken their pay, and they were no longer against the whites. They took off their hats and cheered them heartily.

Far up the mountain to the right one could have seen a little puff of smoke curl up from behind a cactus plant. A fraction of a second later, Felipe plunged forward, the crimson beginning to stain his shirt. It was the old man. They had missed him about two hours before, when he lagged behind, but he had made a large detour and waited for their coming. No one ever knew what grudge he bore Felipe, no one ever will.

Van Siclen and the others ran out of the house and half way up the hill to meet them. "Grub," he yelled. And they quickly unloaded the pack-mules of their burdens, of silver and food. Practically more attention was paid to the food than to the twenty-two thousand, still none of it was lost.

That afternoon they paid off the men, who went down to the little town, and by six p.m. were hopelessly drunk.

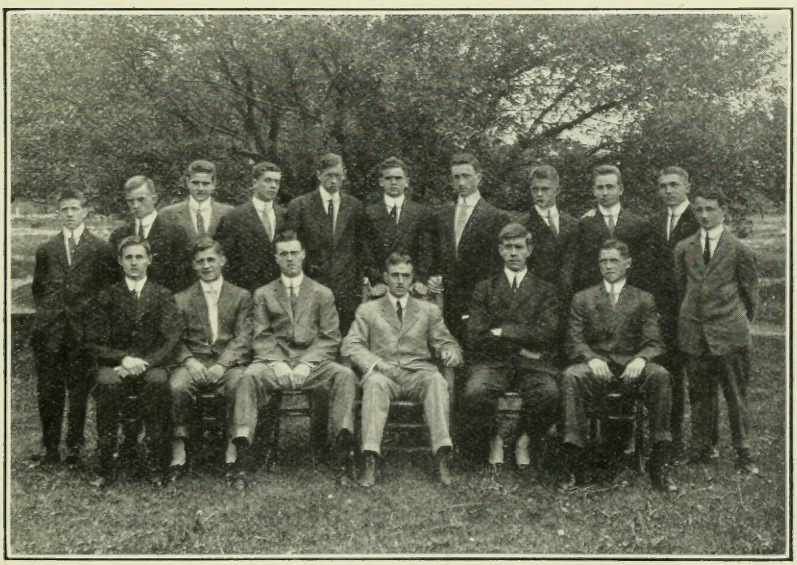
Felipe was buried by the side of the road where he fell, and a rude pine cross marks his resting place.

Two days passed in cheerful laziness, and on the 11th the Mexicans went back to work with a smile on their faces. The next day a guard of six soldiers came from La Parilla and took away the other members of the bandit gang. Whether they ever reached the jail or not they never knew. It is a custom with these Mexican rangers to leave them on the way for the buzzards to fight over.

"Well," said Van Siclen, after the noon-day meal of the third day, "we're over with this row anyway."

Half a dozen corks popped simultaneously for answer.

W. D. WILLIAMS.



The Nobility of St· Andrew's College

THE FLOOD.

"THIS is the worst spring we have had for years, the river has risen over ten feet in the last four hours, and the rain is still pouring down, just as fast as if it had only been raining for an hour, instead of three days. Heaven only knows what will happen when the ice breaks loose up at Dore; that bridge can't stand much more strain," said Harold Moore, the station agent, to his nephew, Reid Cathers.

They were sitting in a room in the station, waiting till the ten-fifty should pass, when they would be free to go back to the town. Reid often came to spend his evenings with his uncle, the station agent, at Armor, for there was really nothing to do in the village, and his uncle always had a good supply of railway stories which were very interesting.

Outside the wind was blowing furiously, and the rain pouring down in torrents. During the periods of quietness, which occurred irregularly between the gusts of wind, the deep sullen roar of the river—already swollen far above the high water mark—came up to them.

"Has your father sent you word when he is coming home?" asked Moore.

"Yes, I received a letter from him to-day, and he said he would probably be here to-morrow afternoon. He had expected to reach here to-night, but some business detained him."

The telegraph instrument began to tick, and Moore wrote down the message. "Train number sixty-two left Dore twenty minutes late. The ice is breaking up here and will soon be going down the river."

"That will mean she will pass here about eleven o'clock," said Moore. "I hope the ice doesn't reach the bridge before that, for if it does, the Lord only knows what may happen."

"What time is it now, uncle?" asked Reid.

"Just a quarter past ten, so that leaves forty-five minutes before she will be due here."

He had hardly finished speaking, when a man, dripping wet and well nigh exhausted, rushed into the station.

"Hurry up, hurry up, and stop the ten-fifty at Dore," he

shouted, breathlessly, "the ice has come down and is hammering away at the old bridge. It can't hold out much longer."

The station agent tried to speak, but couldn't. His horror stricken face was as white as a sheet. Again he tried to speak, but only a few incoherent words was all he could say. At last he managed to say, in a strained voice, "She left Dore twenty minutes ago. The telegraph is no good. Good Lord, what can be done?"

Reid, who up to this moment had remained rooted to his chair, jumped up, and seizing a lantern, yelled, "Come on, follow me," and dashed out of the door down the track towards the bridge.

The two men followed as quickly as they could, but could not keep up with Reid. He reached the bridge first and began to take note of what had taken place. The water had already reached the bottom of the ties, and the ice was smashing and crunching up against the guard rail. The whole structure shook and creaked, and every little while ominous crackings rent the air, telling the three silent, white-faced men that the great steel girders were being snapped off by the impact of the hurling, smashing cakes of ice. What could be done? It would be sure death to attempt to cross that bridge now. Reid, who had been attaching the lantern to his belt, turned to his uncle and said:

"Good-bye, uncle, I am going to try and cross the bridge. The train has to be stopped. If I should get drowned, tell father I died trying to do what I considered my duty."

"But, Reid, my boy, you can't do it. I won't let you."

"Uncle, I must," he said, and before they could prevent him, he was out clinging desperately to the slippery rails.

Hand over hand he scrambled along, until he reached a part where the ties were still intact. Now on his hands and knees he crawled, testing each sleeper before he put his full weight upon it.

He was just about half way across, when suddenly several sharp, cannon-like reports rang out. The bridge swayed and dropped. It seemed hours before it suddenly stopped. Although he was dazed by the fall, and in frightful danger from the great pieces of ice that were now hurled down upon the bridge by the rushing water, he kept going forward. Fortunately his lantern had not gone out, and he was able to see from the position of the bridge that the pier near the bank he had just left must have given way, and that end of the bridge fallen in. He was now nearly three-quarters of the

way across, but the rapidity with which the water was rising, and the amount of ice which was being washed upon the bridge made his progress slower and more precarious. Suddenly in a lull in the wind he heard the whistle of the ten-fifty. With the strength of a madman he literally threw himself from tie to tie. His face was cut and bleeding, his hands were skinned and raw, and his clothes were nothing but a bundle of drenched miry rags. There was only twenty more feet to go. Another volley of crackling broke out sharply. He crouched upon the ties and waited breathlessly. The bridge swayed from side to side, and then, quiveringly, righted itself. Now in the lulls between the gusts of wind, he could hear the dull roar of the approaching train. Again and again his hands almost lost their hold of the slippery track, but at last he drew himself up on the opposite bank.

As he lay there almost totally exhausted, trying to recover his breath, he heard a terrific report, a crash, and then silence. Crawling to the edge of the bank he looked down. Where the bridge had been, there was now nothing, but dark, rushing water, filled with a great mass of grinding, crushing ice.

But above the roar of the river he heard the approaching train. Snatching his lantern from his belt, he ran up the track. The broad beam of light from the onrushing engine fell upon him as he stood between the rails furiously waving his lantern. The engineer saw him, and applying the brakes, pulled up in a cloud of hissing steam within a few feet of him.

Reid quickly told his story. The excited passengers rushed from the cars to see what was the watter.

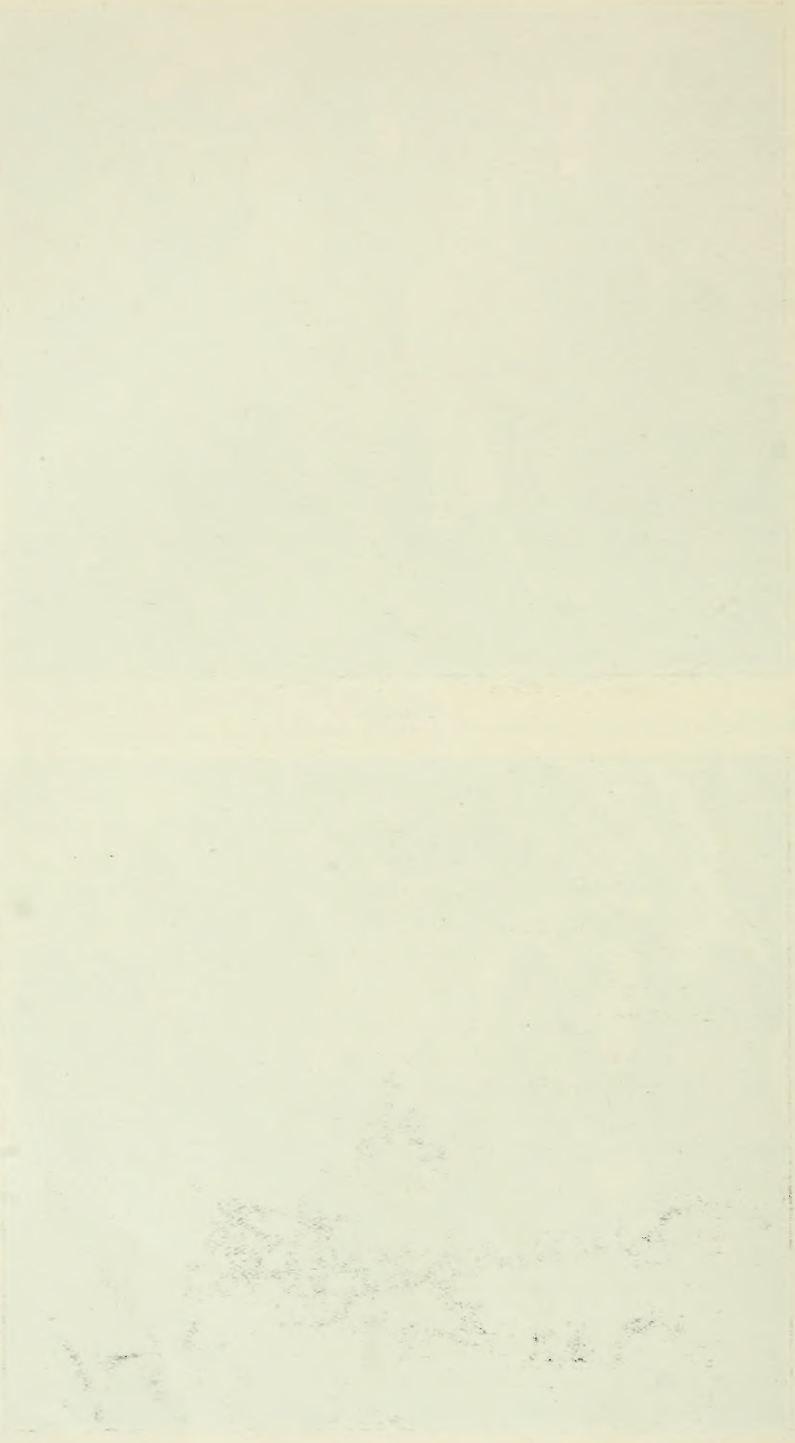
A tall man stepped out of one of the cars and came toward the crowd. Reid seeing him ran towards him.

"Father, oh father!" he cried.

H. Lash.

Prefects

Literary Society



A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

"COME," said my friend, "if we do not hurry we will miss the Calais Packet." We hurriedly picked up our portmanteaus and succeeded in getting to the boat just as the gangway was hauled up. The paddles churned the water to foam, the boat moved slowly, friends waved adieux, and we were off.

Off where? you ask. I confess that at that moment I did not know myself. My friend, Lindsay Esmond, had invited me to go to France with him to meet his father, who was busy settling the will of an old Frenchman who had just died, and, as he had lived a long time in England, had left money to English charities. Lindsay's father, thinking it a nice outing, had invited us to go over. He was to meet us at Calais, and from there we went—well, just where, we did not know.

After a smooth trip across we reached Calais, and there were met by Mr. Esmond, who, as night was falling, hurriedly led us to a waiting carriage. After several hours ride out of Calais we reached a small town, which we were told was our destination. As it was then dark we could see little that night, and soon went to bed in our rooms at the town inn.

In the morning, after breakfasting, we went to the large Chateau of the late gentleman, on the settling of whose will Mr. Esmond was engaged. It was a large rambling house, part in ruins, and all ivy covered. It greatly appealed to our boyish imaginations, and we wandered about all morning. We were called to dinner at noon in the large dining room. Mr. Esmond told us that in looking through the papers he had found a lot of very old diaries, letters and manuscripts, which had evidently belonged to the dead man's grandfather or perhaps farther back. We were greatly interested, and, on asking, were told that we could see them. So after dinner we repaired to the library, where we were shown the papers. They proved rather interesting. Probably the following is the best:

* * * * * *

—I—

I saw her first at Calais. Walking down one of the old narrow cobble-stoned streets, I had come to a sharp turn, and, on rounding

the corner, met the most beautiful woman I had ever laid eyes upon, walking along with a brilliantly-dressed dandy of the time. During my stay at Calais I saw her often, and found out who she was and what she was doing there. It was after finding this out that I realized the utter hopelessness of my position. For what chances had I, wealthy as I was, but untitled, to win the hand of a Vicomte's daughter. Yes, it was too true. She was the daughter of the Vicomte de Mirepoix, and was on a visit to her uncle, whose large castle was some distance out of the town.

—II—

Two years after my stay at Calais I spent part of a summer at Nantes. One day there, while slowly sauntering along the ill-paved and winding main street, I saw a large traveling chaise, built and decorated with all the extravagance of the time and drawn by four pure white horses in costly harness, come, jolting from side to side, up the tortuous road.

As this somewhat unusual sight passed us, I was surprised to see, through the small window, the beautiful face of the Vicomte's daughter with whom I had become so enamored at Calais two years before. It was indeed a surprise. I eagerly watched the chaise as far as the winding road would permit to see if it stopped, but was doomed to disappointment. I watched the streets the next day, and the next, but in vain. She had evidently gone on to some other town, and I could find out nothing about her. She was only a memory, a vision.

—III—

In the last year and a half all was changed. Aristocrats and the lowest laborers were one. France was in the grip of that most terrible of modern happenings—the Revolution. Paris was the centre of this seething cauldron. Here daily the terrible scenes of which everyone has heard were enacted. Blood! Blood! Blood! Blood seemed to be all the people called for. Daily hundreds of aristocratic heads fell from the maws of that avaricious person, Dame Guillotine, and yet the people were not satisfied. Gloatingly returning from the scenes of carnage and ruthless slaughter they would seize on people whom they suspected of not thinking as they did, and, rushing them to the nearest lamppost, would hang them. A la lanterne! A la lanterne! was a cry to be heard any night in this terrible never-sleeping city—Paris.

And what had this chaos, this upturning and uprooting of old customs done for these Godless people? They were now nothing but sexless fiends. Gaunt, dirty, unkempt people, dressed in filthy rags and in bare feet paraded the streets, constantly thinking of nothing but blood and carnage. The men were stripped to the waist, their hair long, shaggy and filthy. The women were even worse. All feelings of remorse or shame had left them. Dressed in rags, torn kirtles scarce reaching to their knees and with no boots or shoes, their hair greasy and matted hanging about their unwashed faces and shoulders. Their one aim was enjoyment, and that to them was bloodshed and crime.

Everything was changed; the names of the months, the year, the laws. All old customs were gone. There was now no Sunday. In place of the old laws there were now such atrocities as "Merlin's Law of the Suspect," by which anyone could be suspected, accused, arrested and even sentenced for an imaginary crime. Men now did not address each other as Monsieur; it was now "citizen" or "patriot."

During the worst of these times I was in Paris, although my home was elsewhere. For safety I had adopted the clothes and habits of the common people. I was staying with a laborer who had formerly been employed by my father and who now lived in Paris.

One morning I was traversing the Luxembourg Gardens, which now were changed. Instead of the beautiful gardens formerly there it was full of large and small hastily constructed buildings, and here and there large fires glowed, as smith's were forging guns. As I walked through this changed scene, I noticed a woman who was walking ahead of me. Although she was dressed in the ragged clothes of the mob, she looked cleaner, and had a certain air about her which bespoke her good breeding. Just as I was noticing this she turned, and — It was the daughter of the Vicomte de Mirepoix! No longer belonging to the nobility, merely a citizeness of the republic. She, of course, did not know me. But that did not stop me. I spoke to her, explained who I was, and in a short time heard her tale.

All her relatives were dead. Her father, her mother, her brother, all guillotined, and now the authorities were looking for her.

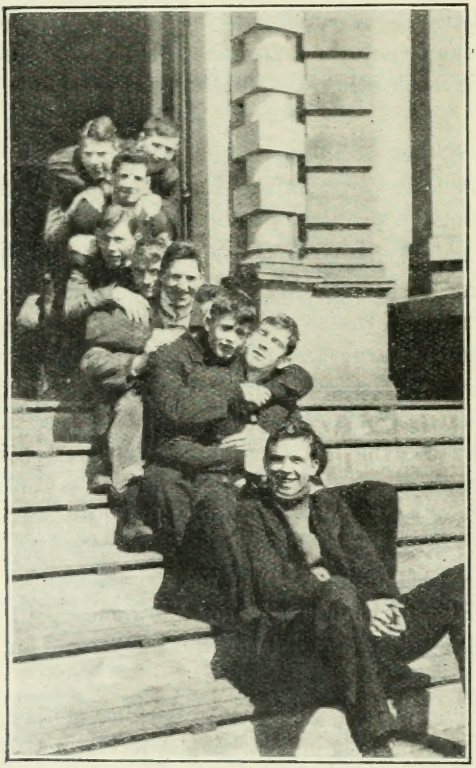
I there and then vowed to save her, and the next day made a start. I purchased from the laborer with whom I lived a horse and

cart. In the afternoon I met her at the appointed rendevous and explained my plans.

Early the next morning we set off. I walked, leading the horse, she sitting in the cart dressed in tattered rags and with carefully dirtied face and hands. We successfully passed the guard at the gate and were practically free.

After a week's dangerous travel we reached the coast and managed to find a fisherman, who took us to England. There we joined our friends. Need I continue?

SCOTT.



Saturday Morning

CRICKET VS. BASEBALL.

This is an exceedingly live question in Canada to-day; and its liveliness is increased when it is discussed in connection with such schools as St. Andrew's. For these schools labor under the disadvantage of desiring to be English, when, as a matter of fact, they are Canadian. They do not realize, in short, that "God fulfils himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt the world." They have tried to solve the question by considering it from a purely esthetical point of view—that is, which is the better game? —and not from the more practical point of view—that is, which game is the better adapted to the ideals and genius of the people?

The whole discussion, then, resolves itself into a question, not so much as to which is the better game, but which is better suited to the Canadian, that is, a modified American type of mind. It will not be necessary here to define, in detail, the differences between the Canadian and the English type of mind; suffice it to say, that the Canadian is eminently democratic, whereas the English is as eminently monarchical and tending to a conservatism which, on some points at least, amounts to a pitiful narrowness of intellect. With these two points established—if indeed they may be considered so—who cannot see them reflected in the two games? Cricket is a little monarchy in itself; the latter is king, and all the rest his faithful ministers and minions. It is a limited monarchy indeed, for the latter must have his wits about him; but it is nevertheless a monarchy. It is a personified history of England—if we may imagine such a thing: changes are brought about gradually in the true spirit of Tennyson; one is never, or very seldom, startled into a frenzy of excitement; one may go away to dinner and return to find the king still on his throne, discharging his royal duties with benignity and grace; everything is done with due ceremony, and nobody ever forgets himself so far as to take any absorbing interest in the game. Such is cricket; as English as Mr. Pickwick or Trafalgar Square.

It may be said that cricket is unsurpassed from an esthetical point of view: nothing, surely, can be more pleasing to the senses than the white ducks set off by the background of green grass; the orderly way in which everything is done; the graceful actions of the bowler and the still more graceful bearing of the batter; the

arrangement of the different players—how they seem to dove-tail into one another. In short, the general aspect of the game, when viewed from a distance, is indeed a work of art; but, alas, for this very reason, perhaps, and for others, it does not appeal to the Canadian youth.

Looking at baseball in the same impartial (?) light, we observe a little republic; everybody is in action at least. Everyone has a chance to whack the ball; for no matter how skilled the batter may be he cannot remain "in" forever. The latter is president indeed, but there is no man on the diamond who is not of the most vital importance; everything is on edge; the spectators are breathless; the players are strung to the highest tension; the ball travels with lightning speed, and it is a rare event if a player reaches "home." In short, baseball is liberal and democratic: everyone is given a fair chance to show exactly what he is capable of.

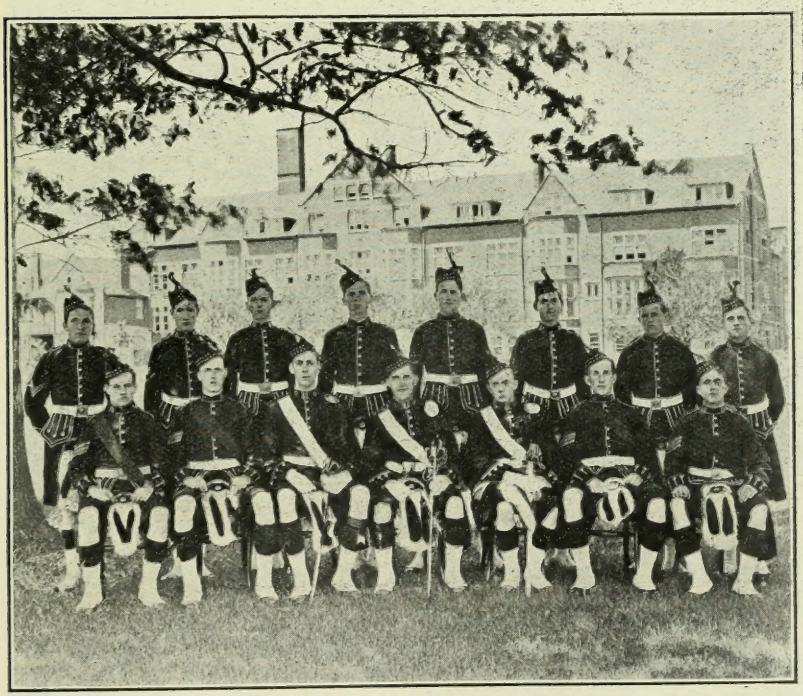
The one thing, among others, that may be urged against baseball is its total lack from the esthetical point of view; the burning sand of the diamond; the pop-corn and peanut atmosphere; the grey or yellow or Lord knows what color of the suits of the players; the unsightly caps, commonly called "tough mugs," pulled down over their ears; the truly man-eating aspect of the catcher, and the fierce antics of the pitcher; the very fact, in short, that the game is always in motion makes it impossible to secure that delightful scene picture which is so satisfying in a game of cricket. But this aspect of cricket, which so endears it, and rightly, to the Englishman's heart, is wholly lost on that excellent animal, the Canadian youth.

And so, we come back to the beginning—what is the Canadian type of mind as compared with the English? The Canadian mind is action, while the English is action balanced by repose: some maliciously inclined persons may indeed hint that there is a trifle too much repose connected with the English mind, sometimes; but we banish this as a base suspicion. The Englishman, in short, likes not the "falsehood of extremes."

And now we come to the "last word" on Cricket vs. Baseball. It is a mistake, as has been said, to compare the two games, and say that cricket is the better game, and therefore Canadians *must* play cricket; or, on the other hand, to say that baseball is the better game, and therefore let Canadians play baseball and do not bother them. Things are only good, bad or indifferent as circumstances

make them so. Cricket will never become in Canada a National game, or even a popular game, for the simple reason that it does not and never will appeal to the ideals and type of mind of the Canadian. This is not saying anything ungracious about the Canadian—far from it; but I have never seen a Canadian *really* enjoy a game of cricket and never expect to. On the other hand, baseball will never "cut any figure" in England for similar reasons: it offends an Englishman's sense of the fitness of things and shocks him. In fine, cricket is a good game, and so also is baseball—which is the better I do not know, and would not say if I did know; but both are eminently local, and cricket requires an Englishman to play it properly, just as surely as baseball requires an American.

Vogt.



Officers Cadet Corps

Athletics

CRICKET.

St. Andrew's opened their cricket season on April 30th with Aura Lee as opponents. Batting first Aura Lee secured 59, of which Barret and Marsden each made sixteen. Courtney took 3 wickets for 31 runs, and Crawford 7 for 28. College then went to bat, but could do nothing against the bowling of Dives and Robb,

First Cricket Team

the side being retired for a total of 24. Stephen with six headed the list.

On Wednesday, May 3rd, the team scored its first win against Stanley Barracks, by the overwhelming score of 99 to 16. The bowling of our opponents seemed to suit the college team perfectly,

four fellows reaching double figures: Crawford, 27; Cassels, 16; Courtney, 17, and McCarter, 16. In the bowling Courtney took 2 wickets for 6 runs, and Crawford 7 for 10.

On May 4th, a game played with University School resulted in a draw. Batting first U. T. S. secured 78 by free hitting, of which Large made 29. College followed on, but had only about fifteen minutes to play. When stumps were drawn, two wickets were down for a total of 15 runs. Risteen with 6 was high scorer. S. A. C. bowling: Crawford, 4 wickets for 23 runs; Courtney, 4 for 34; Ross, 1 for 12; Cassels, 0 for 9.

On May 6th Grace Church were our visitors, and by good batting succeeded in defeating the school eleven by a score of 82 to 55. Crawford with 26 reached top score for the college team. S. A. C. bowling: Courtney, 0 for 23; Mr. Grainger, 2 for 31; Crawford, 7 for 22.

On Tuesday, May 9th, the team again met defeat at the hands of an eleven captained by Mr. James. Mr. James' team batted first, and by good batting secured 78. Mr. Knighton secured a well earned 40, while Canon Plumtre made 18. The school team went to bat, but were all dismissed for 39, of which Risteen made 8 and Nicol 6 not out. S. A. C. bowling: Crawford, 5 for 32; Courtney, 2 for 35; Campbell, 3 for 5.

Rosedale C. C. were the next team encountered, and again the college eleven suffered defeat. St. Andrew's won the toss, and going to bat first secured 58, of which Crawford made 22. Rosedale then followed on, making 197 for 9 wickets when stumps were drawn. Black was high scorer with 40. S. A. C. bowling: Courtney, 2 for 55; Mr. Grainger, 2 for 55; Crawford, 5 for 65; Campbell, 0 for 12.

On Wednesday, May 17th, Toronto C. C. visited the college. T. C. C. batting first declared for 105 runs with 9 wickets down. MacDonald, 26, and Dobson, 20, not out. St. Andrew's went to bat and had made 2 runs for no wickets when stumps were drawn on account of rain. S. A. C. bowling: Crawford, 1 for 39; Courtney, 6 for 34; Ross I., 1 for 15; Campbell I., 0 for 6; Ross II., 0 for 6.

On Saturday, May 20th, the college lost a very close game to the Garrett C. C. Batting first S. A. C. made 59. Crawford, 16; Risteen I., 11; Nicol, 11; Hatch, 10, not out, all got into double figures. Garret C. C. then followed on, and mainly through the

the batting of T. Tunbridge, secured 62. S. A. C. bowling: Crawford, 4 for 27; Ross I., 0 for 10; Mr. Granger, 3 for 21.

On Monday, May 22nd, Trinity University came, saw and conquered a team picked from the first and second elevens, and several of the masters. The Cadet Corps went to the Rifle Ranges, leaving only five first and three second team men. Mr. Laidlaw, Mr. James and Mr. Grainger kindly consented to help us out. S. A. C. batting first secured 52, of which McCarter made 13 and Cassels 13. Trinity had 62 runs for 7 wickets when stumps were drawn. S. A. C. bowling: Mr. James, 5 for 25; Crawford, 1 for 34.

On Wednesday, May 24th, the Simpson C. C. won a well-contested game from the college team. Simpson Club by good batting secured 87, of which Sexton made 26, by good hard hitting. S. A. C. in their innings could only make 71, losing by 16 runs. Mr. Knighton with 33 was the only one to get into double figures. S. A. C. bowling: Mr. James, 7 for 36; Crawford, 2 for 37.

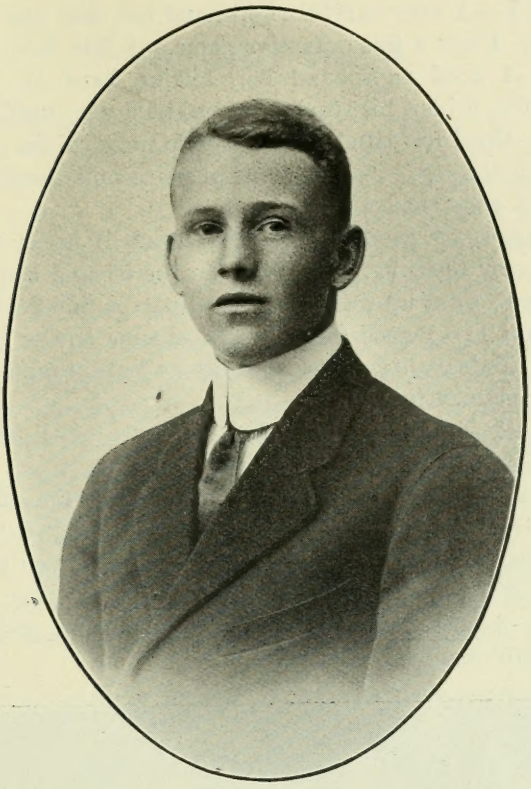
Varsity added another defeat to the college's list on Friday, May 26th. Risteen with 11 was the only one to get double figures. S. A. C. were all out for 51. Varsity batted well, having 110 for 6 wickets when stumps were drawn. Macdonald's 48 and Greene's 26 not out were big factors in the score. S. A. C. bowling: Courtney, 2 for 45; Ross I., 0 for 15; Campbell I., 0 for 9; Cassels I., 2 for 16; Crawford, 2 for 13.

A close game was played with St. Alban's C. C. on Saturday, May 27th. St. Andrew's won the toss and elected to bat. The wickets went down rather quickly before the bowling of Hancock and Colbourne, all being out for 45, of which Hewitt made 8 not out and Risteen 9. St. Alban's had 9 wickets down for 37 runs, but the last two men made a stand and brought the score up to 69. S. A. C. bowling: Courtney, 4 for 27; Crawford, 4 for 38.

The drunk lifted his hat with exaggerated politeness and bowed to the man passing by. "Would you have the 'xtreme—hic—kindness?" he asked suavely "to tell me which is the—hic—opposite shide of the street?"

"Certainly. Right over there," was the answer.

"Now ishn't that mosht p'culiar," said the inebriate, a slight shade of irritation creeping into his voice, "I wash jusht over—hic—there an' they told—hic—me it wash over here."—*Ex.*



Hume Crawford, Captain

PERSONNEL---FIRST CRICKET TEAM.

CRAWFORD.—Captain. A very good bat, scoring freely all round the wicket when set. Also a very good fast bowler and excellent field, being very sure of catches in the slips.

CASSELS I.—The only other old color on the team. A very correct bat, scoring freely on the off. A good change bowler. One of the best fielders on the team.

RISTEEN I.—Came up from last year's second team. A good wicket-keeper. Has had hard luck in being hit so much during the season. A free-hitting bat, with great punishing power on the leg side.

COURTNEY.—Has developed into a very good medium fast bowler. On his day a really difficult man to play. Bats well if careful, but is inclined to pull.

HEWITT I.—A very careful right-hand bat, who can hit well on the leg side. Plays a fine defensive game. A fair field.

NICOL.—A good right-hand bat, hitting hard all around the wicket. A fine fielder, his reach making him a very useful point.

ROSS I.—Good left-handed bat; a little weak on the off, but hits very well on the leg. Does well in practice and should do better in games. A good change bowler.

CAMPBELL I.—A good change bowler and, if under control, his delivery is very puzzling. Bats well on the off and can hit on the leg. Inclined to put up catches in the slips. A fine field.

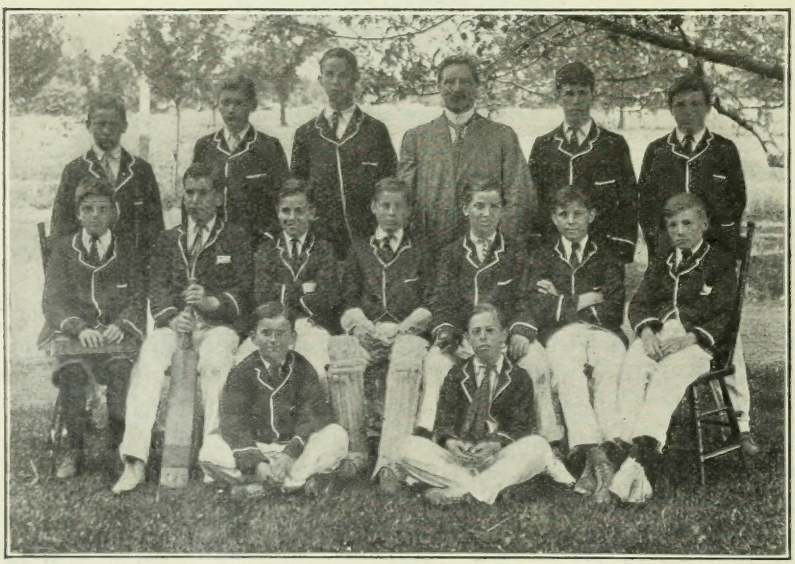
THOMPSON I.—A good medium fast change bowler with a nice length ball. Bats right-handed and hits well all around the wicket, but greatly inclined to pull.

HATCH.—A right-hand bat of the slugger type, hitting very hard. One of the best fielders on the team.

BICKNELL.—Fair right-handed bat, weak on the off, but hits well on the leg. A little too anxious to score. A fair field.

MCCARTER.—A fair right-handed bat. Stronger on the leg side than on the off. Fields well in the slips.

ROSS II.—A good change bowler. Bats left-hand, and if careful is a very useful man. A good field.



Lower School First Cricket Team

SECOND TEAM.

Grace Church II. vs. S. A. C. II.—Lost..... 61—44
Rosedale II. vs. S. A. C. II.—Lost.....114—54
Masters vs. S. A. C. II.—Won.....(6 wickets) 43—30
Highfield vs. S. A. C. II.—Won.....154—92
U. C. C. II. vs. S. A. C. II.—Lost.....U. C. C. 98—31 and 21
T. C. S. vs. S. A. C. II.....
Highfield vs. S. A. C. II.....

On May 6th the Seconds played their first game, against Grace Church II. Grace Church won the toss and sent S. A. C. in first. The Seconds succeeded in making 41, thanks to Hewitt's careful batting. Grace Church followed, and by good batting scored 67, Herne for Grace Church making 26. Hewitt batted best for College, making 14. St. Andrew's bowling: Thompson, 6 for 19; McClinton, 2 for 8.

The next game was on May 13th, our opponents being Rosedale II. St. Andrew's went in first and scored 54, which was very good considering the bowling of Rosedale. Rosedale then went in and scored 114.

We next played the Masters on May 23 and scored our first win of the season. The Masters went in first and scored 30. Mr. Harris and Mr. Knighton making high scores. Sutherland took 5 wickets for 16 runs and Thompson 5 wickets for 14. The Seconds then went in and scored 43 for 6 wickets and then declared.

The team then travelled to Hamilton and succeeded in defeating Highfield in an all-day match. St. Andrew's won the toss and went in first, scoring 30 runs, Montgomery making high score. Then Highfield followed on and only succeeded in making 18 runs. The bowling of Sutherland and Thompson was very good. Sutherland took 3 wickets for 4 runs and Thompson 5 wickets for 14 runs. After lunch St. Andrew's went in again and by fine batting scored 122 runs, Stephen making 50 not out. Highfield went in again and made a stubborn stand, scoring 73 runs before being retired.

On Saturday, 3rd of June, we played Upper Canada, being beaten by an innings and 40 runs. The bowling and batting of Maclean of U. C. C. was very good, taking 5 wickets for 11 runs and scoring 37 runs. Ross made high score for College, making 10 runs.

The results of the T. C. S. II. and Highfield games came too late

for press. Altogether it has been a fairly successful season, Stephen taking the batting honors with an average of 15.7.

The following received Second team colors: Stephen, Bradley, Sutherland, Montgomery, McClinton, McGillivray, Dimock II., Malone, Bicknell, Paterson I. (Thompson and Ross II. went up to the Firsts.)

Junior Leaders

THE SPORTS.

THE eleventh annual sports, which took place on May 18th, were in every respect one of the most successful ever held at the college.

Although the weather at first seemed a little doubtful, the sun was shining brightly before the races had commenced.

The attendance, owing to the uncertain conditions was not quite so large as usual, still the grounds were well filled, there

Athletic Association

being many ladies and a good representation of old boys on the field.

We were greatly honored in having Mrs. Gibson with us to present the prizes at the close of the proceedings.

The informal dance, held in the college hall, was enjoyed by a large number of guests and boys alike.

McGillivray and Risteen I. both managed to break records, the former running the 220 yard dash in 24.3, and the 100 yard dash in 10 2-5, one-fifth of a second faster than Crossen's time in 1906.

Risteen I. cleared 19 feet in the running broad jump, nine inches further than the record which he established in 1910.

Yuille won the Junior Championship and Whitaker the Junior Boarders, while McGillivray won the Senior Championship in a closely contested struggle with Risteen, who captured the Boarders Cup.

The following are the results:

MONDAY, MAY 15TH.

*One Mile Run—1, Beasley; 2, McGillivray; 3, Dimock II. Time, 5 min. 3 3-5 sec.

TUESDAY, MAY 1ST.

*Half Mile Run—1, Beasley; 2, Dimock II.; 3, McGillivray. Time, 2 min. 12 sec.

*440 Yards Dash—1, McGillivray; 2, Allen I.; 3, Johnston I. Time, 56 sec.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17TH.

Throwing Cricket Ball (Senior)—1, Sharpe; 2, Risteen I.; 3, Nicol. Distance, 91 yds.

Throwing Cricket Ball (Junior)—1, Marshall II.; 2, Paterson II.; 3, Malcolm III. Distance, 79 yds. 6 in.

*Running High Jump (Junior)—1, Brown; 2, Gordon; 3, Whitaker II. Height, 4 ft. 3 in.

*Standing Broad Jump (Senior)—1, Risteen I.; 2, Nicol; 3, McGillivray. Distance, 9 ft. 5 in.

*Standing Broad Jump (Junior)—1, Yuille; 2, Gordon II.; 3, Brown. Distance, 8 ft. 3 1-2 in.

*Running Broad Jump (Senior)—1, Risteen I.; 2, Parsons; 3, McGillivray. Distance, 19 ft.

*Running Broad Jump (Junior)—1, Yuille; 2, Brown; 3, Paterson II. Distance, 15 ft. 7 1-2 in.

Putting the Shot—1, Nicol; 2, Bicknell. Distance, 37 ft. 4 1-2 in.

THURSDAY, MAY 18TH.

50 Yards Dash (Preparatory Forms)—1, Hewitt II.; 2, Somers I.; 3, Kent. Time, 7 2-5 sec.

100 Yards Dash (Senior)—1, McGillivray; 2, Allan I.; 3, Risteen. Time, 10 2-5 sec.

100 Yards Dash (under 13)—1, Rolph III.; 2, Taylor I.; 3, Carr. Time, 13 sec.

Three-Legged Race—1, Hatch and Mitchell; 2, Leeson and Gordon.

220 Yards Dash (Senior)—1, McGillivray; 2, Allan; 3, Risteen. Time, 24 2-5.

Lower School Race (Handicap)—1, Odell II.; 2, Odell I.; 3, Rolph III.

100 Yards Dash (Junior)—1, Yuille; 2, Burns; 3, Paterson II. Time, 12 sec.

*Hurdle Iace (Senior)—1, Risteen; 2, Nicol; 3, Dimock II. Time, 19 2-5 sec.

220 Yards Dash (Junior)—1, Yuille; 2, McMichael; 3, Paterson. Time, 29 sec.

Sack Race—1, Herschkowitz; 2, Whitaker II.

Obstacle Race—1, Whitaker II.; 2, Burns; 3, McMichael.

*Hurdle Race (Junior)—1, Whitaker II.; 2, Whitney; 3, Lightbourn. Time, 23 sec.

*Running High Jump (Senior)—1, Dimock II.; 2, Hatch; 3, Risteen. Height, 5.10 3-4.

Old Boys' Race—1, Duncanson; 2, Crawford.

220 Yards (under 17)—1, Dimock; 2, Cassels; 3, Mitchel. Time, 25 2-5 sec.

Consolation Race (Junior)—1, Bateman I.; 2, Hewitt II.

Consolation Race (Senior)—1, Johnston I.; 2, Campbell; 3, Nation.

The Table Relay race was won by Bicknell's Table, the team being: Bicknell (Capt.), Foster, Young II. and Allan I.

Note.—1. Events marked with asterisk count of championship.

2. Only championship events count for Boarders' Championship.

D. W. M.

S.A.C. RECORDS.

50 Yards Dash—Winstanley, A. E., 1908, 5 3-5 sec.
100 Yards Dash—McGillivray, D., 1911, 10 2-5 sec.
220 Yards Dash—McGillivray, D., 1911, 24 1-5 sec.
440 Yards Dash—Munroe, E., 1909, 54 4-5 sec.
Half Mile—Knox, A. M., 1907, 2 min. 8 sec.
One Mile—Grass, R., 1907, 4 min. 56 sec.
Hurdles (120 yards)—Crossen, J. L., 1906, 17 sec.
High Jump—Risteen, C. F., 1910, 5 ft. 6 in.
Running Broad Jump—Risteen, C. F., 1911, 19 ft.
Standing Broad Jump—Smith, H. G., 1903, 9 ft. 8 in.
Putting the Shot—Thompson, W., 1909, 38 ft. 10 in.
Throwing the Hammer—Crossen, J. L., 1906, 73 ft. 6 in.
Throwing the Cricket Ball—Allison, A. E., 1905, 303 ft. 8 in.
Kicking the Football—Sale, J., 1905, 142 ft. 6 in.

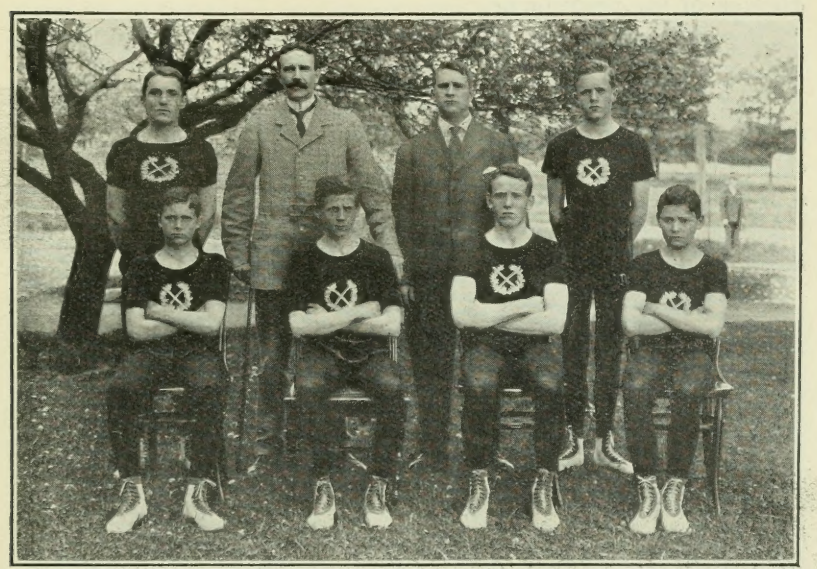
Librarians

THE ASSAULT AT ARMS.

THE gymnasium on March 31st was resplendent with flags and bunting, in anticipation of the large number of parents and friends of the college who came up to see the fifth annual "Assault-at-Arms."

As usual the "gym team" was the feature of the entertainment, and under the able Captaincy of Auld, they performed many feats of daring which met with decided approval from all.

The first part of the programme was devoted to marching, calis-



Gym Team

thenics, apparatus and mat exercises; exhibitions in boxing, wrestling and fencing being given later in the evening.

Nelson and Hewitt, decked out in the gay attire of clowns, kept everybody in high spirits by their amusing acrobatic stunts.

The whole Athletic Association, and Mr. Chapman in particular, well deserve credit, both for their management of the events during the evening and their painstaking work throughout the season.

At eight o'clock Form I. and the Preparatories opened the programme by an exhibition of marching tactics, followed by the junior leaders with the German Horse.

Form III. A. now went through some good wand exercises, and when they had left, the gymnasium team made their first appearance.

This year's team, composed of Auld (Capt.), Allan II., Crawford, Lockhart, Montgomery, Thompson II. and Wright, won loud applause by their finished and spectacular exercises.

The junior leaders were now called upon for an exhibition of tumbling, after which the First and Second "Gym" teams again became the centre of attraction, this time on the parallel bars.

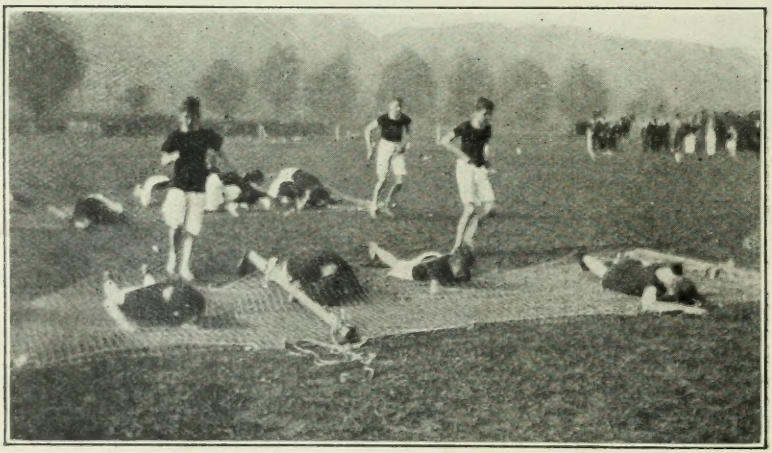
Bateman II., Captain, led in the junior leaders, who performed on the low horizontal bar, bringing to an end the first division of the programme.

Part II. commenced with fencing, Herschowitz and Caven going through the intricate manoeuvres of the Grand Salute.

Bicknell, the college middleweight champion, and Foster II. showed us some fast wrestling, the evening being brought to a successful conclusion by an exhibition of boxing, Rolph III. vs. Masson, Oxley opposing Wallace III.

"God Save the King" was now played, and the guests departed, having seen one of the best "Assaults" in the history of the College.

D. W. M.



Obstacle Race

THE TOURNAMENTS.

THE annual boxing, wrestling and fencing tournaments were held on the afternoon of Thursday and evening of Friday, the 5th of May.

There was a large entry list, and the tournaments of this year lived up to the high standard that has always been maintained in the past.

All the bouts were, on the whole, well contested, and Mr. Chap-

Isthmian Club

man deserves great credit for his efficient management of the proceedings.

The Athletic Association wish to thank Professor Williams of Varsity and the others who so kindly acted as judges in the various events.

THURSDAY.

Boxing.

Beasley won from Copeland in the "prelims" to the 115 lb. class. They were well matched, but Beasley showed up to best advantage in the third round.

Moore boxed Furguson for the heavyweight championship. It was a close decision, but Moore won on his superior hitting ability.

Wrestling.

Nicol won in an interesting bout with Ferguson for the Heavy-

Shield Team

weight and College Wrestling Championship, the falls were in 1.25 and 3 minutes respectively.

Fencing.

In the junior preliminaries Grant won from Herschowitz, scoring five points to the latter's two, while Caven was victor of a close encounter with Bateman.

The Senior Championship was won by MacKeen in a very close encounter with Lowndes.

FRIDAY 5TH.

Wrestling.

Munn II. won from Whitney in the 75 lb. class, while Cassels II. downed Bateman II. in the class heavier. Both gained their two falls inside six minutes.

Class A was won by Scott II., who put Bradley on his back twice in three minutes.

Davison and Leslie were next to enter the ring in the bantam weight. "Freddy" worked hard, but could not hold Leckie, who was heavier, the latter threw him in 3.20 min., and again in two minutes.

Patterson I. secured one fall from Diver in 4 min. 25 sec., and as no further falls were made, Patterson won the bout. Herschowitz and Fraser in the 125 lb., or special weight class, wrestled two six minute bouts without a fall, but as Herschowitz was most aggressive he was given the decision.

The Featherweight Class was won by Mitchell, the latter putting Gideon down once in the six minute round.

McGillivray put Foster away in the lightweight. The bout was fast from start to finish, and one of the most interesting of the evening. The time was 3.10 for the first and 2.10 for the last fall.

The Middleweight title goes to Bicknell, who defeated Ross III.

Boxing.

Rolph III. won from Marks in the 85-lb class, but later met defeat at Whitney's hands in the same class. Rolph II. won his bout with Hunter, while in the Bantamweight, Wallace and Carlyle gave a good exhibition of boxing, which resulted in the former winning.

Auld boxed two rounds with Malone in a preliminary bout in the featherweights, postponed from Thursday. Auld won, also defeating Beasley later in the evening.

The Special Weight was won by McClinton from Allen. Scott I. defeated Young I. in the Lightweight. The best bout was between Montgomery and Leason. "Monty" had the science, but Leason showed great pluck in "sticking to it," and he well deserves the second medal awarded.

The Middleweight class between Spohn and MacKeen was won by MacKeen in a two round encounter.

D. W. M.

OLD BOYS' COLUMN.

OWING to the kindness of those responsible for the management of the REVIEW, the Old Boys' Association has at its disposal considerable space in the present issue. The Old Boys' Committee appreciate this action on the part of the REVIEW and venture to hope that in all future issues of the paper the Old Boys' Column will be an interesting feature. This cannot be done unless the Old Boys take the trouble to forward to the Secretary any items of information concerning themselves or other Old Boys. There are many of your old school-fellows who would like to know where you are and what you are doing. Why not make it possible for us to tell them? Send the information now, addressed to the Secretary of the Old Boys' Association, St. Andrew's College, and it will be placed on file for the next issue of the paper.

The attention of the Old Boys is directed to the reference, in another column of this issue, to the reorganization of the College. St. Andrew's College is no longer a proprietary institution, but has become a school founded as a public trust by private endowment. Early in the autumn the Old Boys' Association will be asked to elect three representatives on the Board of Governors. If you are not already a member of the Association, send in your name without delay and secure a voice in the election of the Old Boys' representatives.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Over sixty members were present at the seventh annual meeting of the St. Andrew's College Old Boys' Association, which was held at the College on Monday, January 9th. The Old Boys were the guests of the College at dinner. After the completion of the toast list the officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President—Mr. Clayton S. Crawford.

1st Vice-President—Mr. W. B. McPherson.

2nd Vice-President—Mr. Fred Housser.

Secretary-Treasurer—Mr. J. Leslie Fergusson.

Committee—Mr. Paul Fleming, Mr. A. E. Gooderham, Jr., Mr. G. B. McPherson, Mr. Adam Sproat.

NOTES.

Herb Allan is still with the A. A. Allan Co., 51 Bay St.

K. A. Angus has been transferred from the Canadian Bank of Commerce, High River, Alta., to the bank's office in Calgary.

A. E. Austin and Andy Duncanson now compose the firm of Austin, Duncanson & Co., members Toronto Stock Exchange, Toronto. The Association wish them every success in their new venture.

Gordon Auld has moved to Eden Mills, Ontario.

A. Lesslie Bell is with J. J. White & Co., engineers, New York.

Ed. O. Bath is with the Toronto Electric Company, Toronto.

Dick Burton is contracting in Saskatoon, Sask.

C. L. Cantley has again moved from New Glasgow to Sydney Mines, N.S.

Austin Campbell is at present in England.

"Ed" Cousins has been appointed Assistant Engineer, City Engineer's office, Toronto.

Clayton S. Crawford is studying law.

Clifford Dineen is one of our Old Boys lately named.

Congratulations to Russell Meikle on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Helen Whitney.

Congratulations to Murray Wrong on his excellent standing in the Honor List at graduation.

Alex. Douglas has moved to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where he is employed by Douglas & Co.

M. McM. Eberts is at the United States Military Academy, West Point, N.Y .

J. C. Fraser is floor member for F. H. Deacon & Co., members Toronto Stock Exchange.

J. L. and A. T. Fergusson are both members of the firm of G. Tower Fergusson & Co., members Toronto Stock Exchange.

Allan R. Gillies is at present farming some eight hundred acres at Clover Bar, Alta.

H. F. H. Hertzberg is with the Trussed Concrete Steel Co., Winnipeg, and C. S. L. is with the same company at Walkerville, Ontario.

Harry B. Housser is again living in the city and is engaged in the bond business.

Ivan B. Kirkhouse has left the employ of the Royal Bank and has taken a position with the Union Trust Co., Toronto.

We wish to congratulate "Bill" Lea on the birth of his first. A daughter.

A. Mordecai is managing a plantation in Jamaica.

Reg. W. Macintyre is practising his profession in New York.

Frank Macdonald is contracting at Rosedale, Ont., this summer.

Wills Maclachlan is managing the Trenton Electric and Water Company, at Belleville, Ontario.

Harold G. Smith is mill manager of Penmans Limited, Paris, Ontario. Harold has been lately married.

We have to thank Geo. M. Graham for his valuable suggestion re Association. Such suggestions are very acceptable to the officers, who wish every member would have something to say.

Ed. Thorne is with J. D. Whitmore, engineers, Regina, Sask.

We regret to record the death of Andrew Carrick.

G. J. Thomson writes from Vancouver to be remembered to "The Bunch."

J. D. Shook is with the Security Loan Company, Regina.

A great many letters have been received by the Secretary from Old Boys wishing the Association success. Success will only come from membership, and membership from the united efforts of the Old Boys. The committee would like to see every member bring in at least one "new" member. Try and help in this matter.

We regret to record the death of Douglas Wilkinson.

Your Secretary is in receipt of a most interesting letter from Horace M. Fraser. He says he has met the two Carver boys in Seattle, where they are doing well in the lumber business. He also advises that Forbes Stewart is in the civil service in Vancouver.

MEMBERS OF THE ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION.

The following is a list of members of the Old Boys' Association as appearing on the Secretary's books at the present time. It is quite possible that changes in addresses have taken place of which the Secretary has not been informed. Of such changes the committee will be glad to have information:

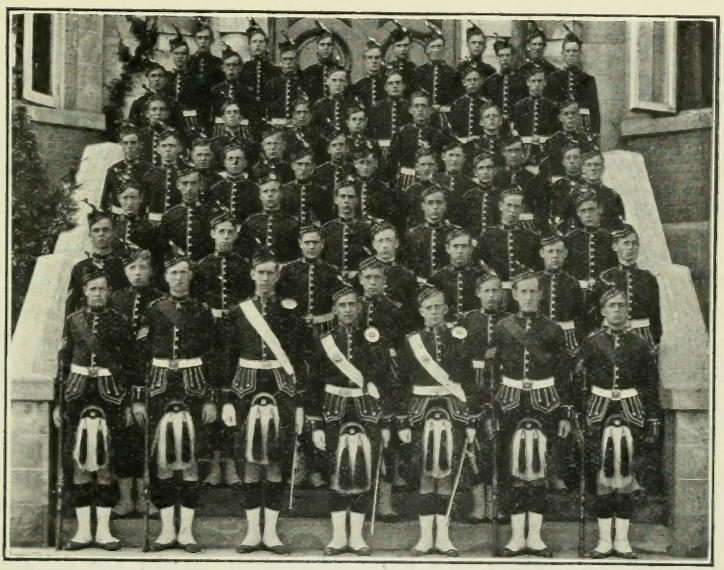
Allan, Herbert, 51 Bay St., Toronto.
Angus, Kenneth A., Bank of Commerce, Calgary, Alta.
Austin, A. E., 23 Jordan St., Toronto.
Auld, Gordon, Eden Mills, Ont.
Bath, Edward Osler, 12 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.
Beaty, Wilfred T., 61 Crescent Road, Toronto.
Burton, Robert S., Saskatoon, Sask.
Beaty, Harold T., 61 Crescent Road, Toronto.
Burns, E. A., 1 Hawthorne Ave., Rosedale, Toronto.
Blackstock, Gibbs, 79 Prince Arthur Ave., Toronto.
Bell, Andrew Leslie, 301 St. James St., Montreal.

Carver, Norman H., Box 57, Seattle, Wash.
Carver, D. Frank, Box 57, Seattle, Wash.
Campbell, Austin, "Canada House," Norfolk St., Strand, London N.C., England.
Clark, Griffith B., 72 Roxborough St. E., Toronto.
Cousins, Edward L., 32 Laburnam Ave., S. Parkdale, Toronto.
Carlyle, R. T., 72 Winchester St., Toronto.
Caldwell, Lee R., New Carlisle, Bonaventure Co., P.Q.
Crawford, Clayton S., 11 Lowther Ave., Toronto.
Cameron, John, c/o Cameron & Heap, Kenora, Ont.
Caldwell, Claude, New Carlisle, Bonaventure Co., P.Q.
Cantley, C. L., Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co., Sydney Mines, Nova Scotia.
Driscoll, Harrison A., 4 Rosemount Apts., River Ave., Winnipeg.
DeLaplante, W. M., 713 West Ferry St., Buffalo.
Davies, Wilfred, 244 Todmorden Road, Toronto.
Davies, Melville R., 244 Todmorden Road, Toronto.
Davies, Lester M., 244 Todmorden Road, Toronto.
Douglas, Norman A., 91 Heath St., Toronto.
Dineen, S. Gowan, 230 Sherbourne St., Toronto.
Donald, H. H., 177 Balmoral Ave., Toronto.
Doherty, Hugh J., 629 Maryland St., Winnipeg.
Doolittle, Gordon W., 159 Bloor St. E., Toronto.
Douglas, Alexander, 609 Sherbourne St., Toronto.
Duncanson, A. E., Austin, Duncanson & Co., Toronto.
DuVernet, Horace, Shandilla, Upper Sheena, B.C.
Davidson, Harold D., 117 Spadina Road, Toronto.
Dineen, E. T., Sterling Bank, Parkdale, Toronto.
Eberts, Melchior McEwen, U. S. M. A., West Point, N.Y.
Elliott, A. L., 10 Hawthorne Ave., Toronto.
Fletcher, Andrew Almon., 532 Huron St., Toronto.
Finlay, Richard I., 19 Albany Ave., Toronto.
Fraser, J. C., F. H. Deacon & Co., 97 Bay St., Toronto.
Fleming, Paul R., 3 Spadina Gardens, Toronto.
Firstbrook, H. M., Moore Park, Toronto.
Fergusson, A. Tower, 70 Madison Ave., Toronto.
Fraser, Horace M., Atlin, B.C.
Gibson, W. Osmund, 280 Wellington Crescent, Winnipeg.
Goldstein, Walter H., 82 Yonge St., Toronto.
Gillies, Allan R., Clover Bar, Alta.

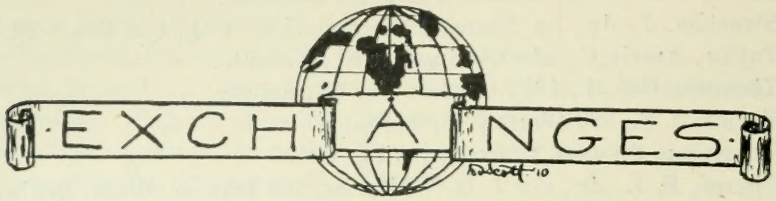
Gordon, Harvey M., 921 Bathurst St., Toronto.
Grass, Robert E., 22 Maitland St., Toronto.
Gray, Milton J., 165 Brunswick St., Stratford.
Grand, Arthur M., 28 Oriole Road, Toronto.
Grear, Charles, 58 Redpath Ave., Montreal.
Gooderham, E. A., Jr., South Drive and Glen Road, Toronto.
Goodman, H. R., 11 Maple Ave., Toronto.
Gibson, D. P., 280 Wellington Crescent, Winnipeg.
Gill, Robt. J., James Smart Mfg. Co., Brockville.
Graham, George M., 91 Kingsway, Winnipeg.
Heintzman, Charles T., 117 King St. W., Toronto.
Hope, John Campbell, 20 Nanton Ave., Rosedale, Toronto.
Haas, George, 128 St. George St., Toronto.
Humphrey, Fred H., 518 Ontario St., Toronto.
Hertzberg, H. F. H., 803 Union Bank Bldg., Winnipeg.
Hertzberg, C. S. L., 241 Victoria Road, Walkerville.
Hunter, N. C., c/o Union Bank of Canada, Virden, Man.
Howe, Lyman P., 82 Charles St. E., Toronto.
Haywood, A. P., 159 Bloor St. E., Toronto.
Housser, Frederick, 92 Glen Road, Toronto.
Haywood, Charles U., 159 Bloor St. E., Toronto.
Hastings, C. E., 258 Wellesley St., Toronto.
Hodgson, Donald E., 61 Charles St. E., Toronto.
Irwin, Frederick H. M., 332 Palmerston Blvd., Toronto.
James, Wilfred, 144 St. George St., Toronto.
Kappele, George R., 9 Meredith Crescent, Toronto.
Kirkhouse, Ivan B., c/o Union Trust Co., Toronto.
Knox, Arnold M., 71 Spadina Road, Toronto.
Kemp, C. A., 119 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto.
Lennard, Henry G., Bank of Commerce, Dundas.
Loudon, William J., 17 Yorkville Ave., Toronto.
Leishman, W. Henry, 82 South Drive, Toronto.
Lytle, William H., 608 Huron St., Toronto.
Lea, Dr. W. J., 615 Pender St. W., Vancouver.
Lockhart, M. Burritt, 36 Dale Ave., Rosedale, Toronto.
Lee, Stanley B., Highland Ave., Toronto.
Lovell, Robert D., 92 Spadina Road, Toronto.
Moffatt, Ambrose R., 12 South Drive, Toronto.
MacLachlan, Wills, Trenton Electric and Water Co., Belleville.
Mulholland, A. R., Bank of Toronto, Peterboro.

Morphy, J. A., Oshawa, Ont.
Murray, G. M., 170 Jarvis St., Toronto.
MacLachland, Sinclair, 183 Carlton St., Toronto.
Martin, Pedro C., 17 Chemin Dumas (Chapel), Geneva, Switzerland.
McPherson, W. B., 6 Meredith Crescent, Toronto.
McFarland, A. Cecil, 38 Arthur St., Brantford.
Massey, Vincent, 519 Jarvis St., Toronto.
McGregor, Kenneth Roy, Oakville, Ont.
McKie, J. G., 18 Howland Ave., Toronto.
McNicoll, A., "Braeleigh," Forden Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
McCrullough, R. C., Markdale, Ont.
McPherson, G. W. B., 6 Meredith Crescent, Toronto.
McPherson, N. B., 6 Meredith Crescent, Toronto.
Macdonald, Frank, 3 Rusholme Road, Toronto.
MacIntyre, Dr. R. W., 560 West 157th Street, New York.
Moore, Theo., Woodstock Baptist College, Woodstock, Ont.
Mordecai, Ainsley, Stanton Estate, Morant Bay, Jamaica, B. W. I.
MacTavish, Wilfrid I., 198 Ossington Ave., Toronto.
McTaggart, W. B., Royal Military College, Kingston.
Maguire, C. D., Eglinton P.O., Ont.
Newman, Maitland F., 103 South Drive, Toronto.
Phillips, C. W., Missinabie, Ont.
Prowse, Leonard, Beaumaris, Muskoka Lake, Ont.
Paisley, J. Ernest H., 30 Berthelet St., Montreal.
Parker, Park G., 116 Franklin St., New York.
Phillips, Melville, c/o A. C. & H. B. Ry., Residency No. 3, Missanabie.
Reid, George T., 172 Bloor St. E., Toronto.
Ross-Ross, Elcho, Box 116, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P.Q.
Rutler, Guy W., "Woodford," Birdcliffe P.O., Ont.
Sutherland, G. Chester, Woodstock College, Woodstock.
Shook, J. Donald, Security Loan Co., Regina.
Silver, H. N., "Parkside," Pleasant St., Halifax, N.S.
Skidmore, J. P., Cobourg, Ont.
Stark, W. Berkeley, 21 Carlton St., Toronto.
Stewart, Alan Edgeworth, 136 Bedford Road, Toronto.
Sale, Julian, Jr., Julian Sale Leather Co., Toronto.
Sanderson, Allan G., 10 Oakland Ave., Toronto.
Sproat, Adam D., Mansewood, Ont.
Shirriff, Q., Niagara Falls South, Ont.

Smith, Harold G., Penmans Limited, Paris, Ont.
Strachan, J., Jr., La Tuque, Champlain Co., P.Q., c/o Res. "29."
Taylor, Austin C., 210 Cottingham St., Toronto.
Thomson, Geo. J., 1315 Cardeor St., Vancouver.
Taylor, J. S., 580 Church St., Toronto.
Thompson, Stewart T., Coutts, Alta.
Thorne, E. L., Jr., c/o J. D. Whitmore, 104 Duncan Block, Regina.
Thompson, E. W., Prince George Hotel, Toronto.
Wilson, Archibald G., Ingersoll, Ont.
Winstanley, E. A., 134 Higgins Ave., Missoula, Mont.
Webber, R. S., 10 Meredith Crescent, Toronto.
Wallace, H., 580 Church St., Toronto.
White, Herbert P., P.O. Box 1077, Pembroke, Ont.
Walker, H. H., 272 Huron St., Toronto.
Worth, Reginald H., 123 Victor Ave., Toronto.
Wilson, Laurence R., 7 Rowanwood Ave., Toronto.
Wood, W. L., Jr., 58 Chestnut Park Road, Toronto.
Webaten, W. L., Bank of Nova Scotia, Dundas St. Branch, Toronto.
Waterous, C. L., Brantford, Ont.
Wilson, J. H., 711 Bower Bldg., Vancouver, B.C.



Cadet Corps



THE *Calendar* is always neat and attractive, their Joke Column invariably good.

The Arbor is always up to a high standard.

The Boone Review and *College Echoes* are two very welcome exchanges, coming as they do from far off China. Both are very well gotten up and contain interesting material and cuts.

The Mirror is one of the best of our exchanges. Their good cover designs, excellent matter and cuts make it a pleasure to receive this paper.

The St. Margaret's Chronicle is always a welcome exchange.

The Pharos, from New Westminster, B.C., is new to our exchange column. It's all right. Come again.

Alt-Heidelberg is a neat paper.

The Quill contains good matter.

Blue and White is a good all around magazine. Their cover and headings are very good.

McMaster Monthly always contains excellent stories and articles.

The Ashburian is very neat and interesting.

The REVIEW wishes to acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges. We hope to see them all on our exchange list next year:

The Calendar, Central High School, Buffalo, N.Y.; *McMaster University Monthly,* McMaster University, City; *Blue and White,* Rothesay College, Rothesay, N.J.; *The Quill,* Alcium Prep. School, New York; *Alt-Heidelberg,* Heidelberg University, Heidelberg, Germany; *The Mirror,* Central High School, Philadelphia; *College Echoes,* Tientsin Anglo-Chinese College, Tientsin, China; *The Pharos,* High School, New Westminster, B.C.; *St. Margaret's Chronicle,* St. Margaret's College, City; *Boone Review,* Boone University, Wuchang, China; *The Arbor,* University of Toronto, City; *St. Hilda's Chronicle,* St. Hilda's, City; *Bishop Bethune College Magazine,* Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa; *The Ashburian,* Ashburian College, Ottawa.

D. S. Scott.

CRIBBED FROM THE EXCHANGES.

THE University Correspondent offered a prize of one guinea for the best collection of twelve amusing schoolboy mistakes. This has been awarded to Miss E. M. Sutherst, 26 Beauval Road, E. Dulwich, S.E.

A selection from the large number of entries received is given below:

"Mute, inglorious Milton." These epitaphs are used by a writer who was envious of Milton's being Poet Orient.

He "finds sermons in stones," expresses the same idea as Wordsworth's "the restless stonechat all day long is heard."

Calvin was a noted scientist and Peer who died lately.

Magna Carta said that the King had no right to bring soldiers into a lady's house and tell her to mind them.

Henry VIII. married Katherine, and she said it was Wolsey's fault.

Naples is an independent state in the north of India.

Shakespeare made a mistake in mentioning Galen, who did not live till a hundred years after his time.

The feminine of fox is foxhen.

John Burns was the name of one of the claimants to the Throne of Scotland in the reign of Edward I.

Panama is a town of Colombo, where they are trying to make an isthmus.

The three highest mountains in Scotland are Ben Nevis, Ben Lomond and Ben Jonson.

Wolsey saved his life by dying on the way from York to London.

An interjection is a sudden explosion of the mind.

Monsoons are fertile gorges between the Himalays.

When the English first landed in Australia the only four-footed animal in the country was a rat.

"Those melodious bursts that fill the spacious days of great Elizabeth" refers to the songs that Queen Elizabeth used to write in her spare time.

Tennyson wrote a poem called Grave's Energy.

The Rump Parliament consisted entirely of Cromwell's stalactites.

The plural of spouse is spice.

Queen Elizabeth rode a white horse from Kenilworth through Coventry with nothing on, and Raleigh offered her his cloak.

King John was surnamed Blackland because he died of the Black Death.

When England was placed under an Interdict the Pope stopped all births, marriages, and deaths for a year.

A figure of speech is a way of talking or writing by which you say what you don't mean and yet mean what you say. Example: "He blows his own trumpet." You don't mean that he has a trumpet, but you do mean that he blows it, i.e., he boasts.

Lord Macaulay was a great statesman who suffered very much from gout, and so wrote all his poems in lambic feet, which was hard work.

Humphrey of Gloucester and Cardinal Beaufort died shortly after each other.

Many vessels have been wrecked and sunk in attempting to force a passage through the Rockies.

"The Deserted Traveller" is the most famous of Goldsmith's works.

Penzance in Cornwall is noted for pirates.

The Pyramids are a range of mountains between France and Spain.

By the Act of Union of 1535 Welshmen were put on an equality with Englishmen. . . they lost their language and their manners.

Volcanoes are due to the infernal heat of the earth.

A plural verb is used when we do two things at once.

Alnwick is the place where the Duke of Northumberland likes to sit (Text-Book has "favorite seat.")

The gods of the Indians are chiefly Mahommed and Buddha, and in their spare time they do lots of carving.

Every one needs a holiday from one year's end to another.

Liberty of conscience means doing wrong and not worrying about it afterwards.

Septuagint was the name given to the seven Old English kingdoms.

The strength of the British Constitution lies in the fact that the Lords and Commons give each other mutual cheek (? check).

The Red Indians when hunting carry their lives in their hands, also their revolvers.

"Lord of a barren heritage" means that the man had inherited a baronage.

Venus was the goddess of beauty. She is sometimes called the Morning Star of the Reformation.

According to the Habeas Corpus Act a man cannot be punished twice for the same offence, so if a man steals a pig and is put in prison for it, when he comes out he can steal another pig and not be punished.—*Public Opinion.*

"Now, then, men," cried the gallant captain, "fight like heroes till your powder is done, and then run for your lives, I'm a little lame, so I'll start now."—*Wasp.*

"Doctor, I've tried everything and I can't get to sleep," complained the voice at the other end of the telephone. "Can't you do something for me?"

"Yes," said the doctor, kindly, "Just hold the wire and I'll sing you a lullaby."—*Ex.*

The new butler was nervous and was in obvious fear of his ducal employer. He proffered a dish with great ceremony "Cold grace, your grouse?" he queried.—*Ex.*

"Kitty," said her mother, rebukingly, "you must sit still when you are at the table."

"I can't, mama," protested the little girl, "I'm a figitarian."
—*Ex.*

Pretty Passenger: "Captain, did the ship really make twenty knots every hour last night?"

Captain: "Yes, Miss."

Pretty Passenger: "And what do you do with so many knots?"

Captain (gruffly): "Toss 'em overboard."

Pretty Passenger: "O, how queer! I thought the sailors had to untie them during the day."—*Ex.*

First Fool: "Say, did you hurt yourself last night when you stumbled over the piano?"

Second Fool: "No; I hit the soft pedal."—*Ex.*

"What happened to Babylon?" asked the Sunday School teacher.

"It fell!" cried the pupil.

"And what became of Nineveh?"

"It was destroyed."

"And what of Tyre?"

"Punctured!"—*Ex.*

"An heirloom," explained the farmer's wife to her thirteen-year-old-boy, "is something that has been handed down from father to son, and in some instances is greatly prized."

"I'd prize these heirlooms I'm wearing," remarked the youngster, "a good deal more if they wasn't so long in the legs."—*Ex.*

There was a young belle named Nell
Who, skating one day, fell pellmell
And those standing near
Were astonished to hear
Her cry out in anger: "Oh my!"—*Ex.*

"See here, waiter, how is it that I find a button in this salad?"

"Dat am part ob de dressin', sah."—*Ex.*

Teacher: "What happened to the Roman empire?"

Freshie: "I don't know, unless he made a bad decision in the ninth inning with two men out, the score tied, and two strikes on the batter."—*Ex.*

I was struck right away by his imposing presence, his eagle glance, and the stern smile that illumined the noble curves of his lips. I like to see a handsome man and the aristocratic bearing of this individual made me feel as if I stood in the presence of some Viking of old. His clothes were neat and tasteful, in the latest but not the extremest fashion. His frame was slender and tall, but well-knit, lithe and athletic. His brown eyes had a kindly look as of some bright, benignant star. His nose was of classic Greek outline; his mouth and chin expressed character most strongly (never mind just now what kind); and the healthful glow of sun and wind made his complexion a thing to attract the notice of the more discriminating of the fair sex. His hair, wavy and brown, fell over his head in rippling cascades as if sporting from pure joy of life. Pride and delight filled my soul as I gazed, and it was only with the greatest reluctance I turned away from the mirror.—*Ex.*

"Oh, Lord," was the fervent prayer of a Southern negro, "oh, Lord, send a turkey to this po' ole darky." But he prayed in vain. Christmas was coming and he grew desperate. "Oh, Lord." he prayed again, with increasing fervor, "oh, Lord, send this po' ole darky to a turkey." And that very night his prayer was answered. —*Ex.*

First Boy: "I'm getting tough, I ate a piece of 'Spearmint' yesterday and it scared me to death."

Second Boy: "That's not unusual. It always takes my breath away."—*Ex.*

Teacher: "What is the longest river in Italy, Leo?"
Leo: "The—the—the—"
Another Student (in loud whisper): "Say Po, Leo."
Leo (quickly): "Sapolio."—*Ex.*

Sing a song of street cars,
Seats all lined with chaps,
Four and twenty ladies
Hanging by the straps!—*Ex.*

When is a joke not a joke?
Usually.—*Ex.*

There was a young lady named Breeze,
Who took many B.A.'s and M.D.'s,
Collapsed with the strain,
Said the doctor, " 'Tis plain,
You're killing yourself by degrees."

THIS IS YOUR HOUR.

This is your hour—creep upon it!
Summon your power, leap upon it!
Grasp it, clasp it, hold it tight!
Strike it, spike it, with full might!
If you take too long to ponder,
Opportunity may wander.
Yesterday's a boy of sorrow,
No man ever finds to-morrow.
Hesitation is a mire—
Climb out, climb up, climb on higher!
Fumble, stumble, risk a tumble!
Make a start, however humble!
Do your best and do it now!
Pluck and grit will find out how.
Persevere, although you tire—
While a spark is left, there's fire.
Distrust doubt; doubt is a liar,
Even if all mankind jeer you,
You can force the world to cheer you.

ENVOY.

Quicksands underlie the pleasures;
'Neath the rocks are hidden treasures.

'Arf a hinch, 'arf a hinch,
'Arf a hinch honward,
'Ampered by 'obble skirt,
'Opped the "400."

He sent a letter home for tin
And when his sire beheld it,
He also wrote one and put in
The tin, but backwards spelled it.

"Got your eye!" exclaimed the operating surgeon, as he finally extracted the patient's quivering orb and laid it before him on the table.—*Princeton Tiger.*

Teacher: "Jimmie, correct this sentence, 'Our teacher am in sight.' "

Jimmie: "Our teacher is a sight."

"You lay your hands on me and you'll hear of it," said the piano threateningly.

Barber: "Would you like anything on your face when I've finished, sir?"

Victim: "Well, you might leave my nose, if you don't mind!"

Conductor: "Move forward, there, please."

Casey (who has moved along twice): "Divil a bit furder! Oi paid me nickel t' ride, not t' kape on walkin'."

OILING THE MOTOR.

"Giles," said De Whizz to his chauffeur, before he started on his run across the State, "have you oiled the machine thoroughly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure, Giles?"

"Yes, sir. I have filled the spring cups and the engine reservoir, an' I have greased the cornet-a-piston, the pluribus unum, the exhaust pipe, the muffled tread, the thingumabob, the rigamajig, and both the hot-boxes."

"Are you sure those are all the parts you have oiled, Giles?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have forgotten the most important place of all. Take the can and squirt a few drops of oil on the license number, so that the dust will collect on it and make it hard to read. Always remember to lubricate the license number, Giles."—*Ex.*

NAUGHTY.

Percy: "Heavens! I got a zero to-day."

Swat: "That's nothing."

"Here's where I get down to business," said the submarine diver, as he climbed over the side of the ship.

A goat ate all our other jokes
And then began to run,
"I can not stop," he softly said,
"I am so full of fun."

That reminds us of the star baseball player in a certain college who appeared to have gone stale. On the field one afternoon the coach drew him aside and said:

"Bill, what is the matter with you? Have you been drinking?"

"No, I haven't taken a drink this season," was the reply.

"Have you been smoking?"

"No. I never smoke."

After a few moments of deep reflection the coach turned on him and said: "I know what the trouble is; you have been studying."

"I have, a little bit."

"Well, cut it out! Haven't you any consideration at all for your college?"—*Ex.*

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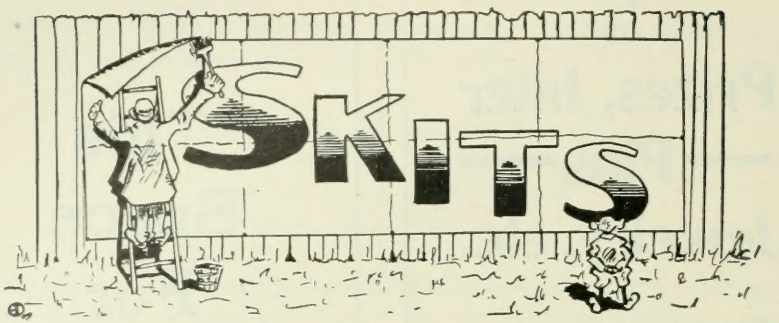

BRADLEY: "Sir, may I sharpen my knife?"
Mr. Laidlaw: "Yes, and here is another."

Monty (at the table): "Did Montreal win?"
Bunch: "Kill it."

Monty: "Now, when I was on the Gym team." (That's as far as he gets.)

Casey Jones: "Boys, oh boys, I will have to write for me father's private car."

NOTICE.

The Simpson Cricket Club wish to announce that smoking in the club house is strictly prohibited.

Ambrose (on June 21): "Fated." "Where have I heard that word before?"

Mr. Knighton: "Any fool would know that formulae."
Davidson I.: "But we are not fools, sir."

Nurse: "Let's see your tongue."
Courtney: "What's the use? No tongue can tell how sick I am."

Mr. Bishop: "Do you keep coffee in the bean?"
Clerk: "Upstairs, this is the *ground* floor.

"May I kiss you, my dear?"
Said Rhoderick Dhew.
"It's a serious question
I'm asking you."
Before he got through,
With her head on one side,
"Why Rhoderick Dhew! ! !"
The maid replied,
(L'envoy) And Rhoderick Dhid! ! !

Umpire (at ball game): "Foul!"
Jardine: "But, my good man, where are the feathers?"
Umpire: "Aw, wotcher givin' us, guy! This is a picked team."

Jardine (at breakfast): "Say, fellows, don't rile the coffee. It's too weak to strike back, and don't tease the butter; you'll be old yourself some day."

Mr. L.: "Where is Fort William Henry?"
Bright Boy: "At the bottom of Lake George."

Whitney (to Miss Brook): "Got any second-hand Bibles to sell around here?"

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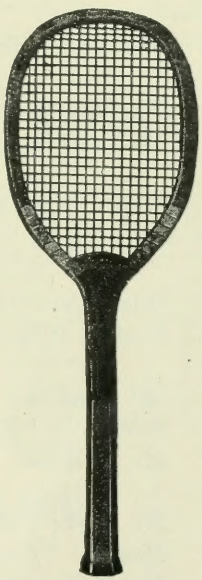

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Hush little kilty
Don't you cry,
You'll be trousers
By and by.

Master (in II. Form): "Jarvis, you're not chewing gum!"
Jarvis: "No, sir, my tongue."

Fat Moore might make his fortune in China as Rat-Catcher to the Empress.

There was a young man called Fat,
Who at times was as good as a cat,
In the waste-paper box
He would pounce like a fox,
And land on a juicy big rat.

"Knockout Moore" showed such marvellous fighting powers in his recent bout with "One Round Ferguson" that he is seriously considering entering the prize ring as the White Hope.

Jack Stevens (after having made fifteen runs): "Can anyone lend me a hat?"
Monty: "What! your head getting big so soon?"

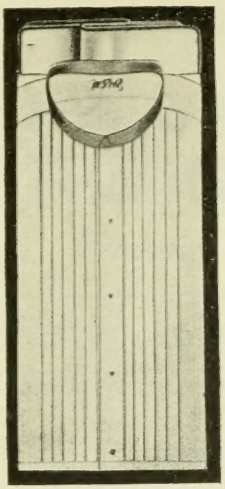
Nic: "Where is Mr. Taylor?"
Marshall II.: "I don't know; ask Jack Stevens."

Maid: "Can I take your plate?"
Rube Hall: "No, I have not licked it yet."

Buscombe: "How do I look?"
Foster: "The faculty won't allow me to use such language."'

Mr. Laidlaw: "Talking, Henry?"
Henry I.: "No, sir; only smiling."
Mr. Laidlaw: "Do it more quietly."

Mr. Duff: "How old are you, Massey?"
Massey: "Fourteen, sir."
Mr. Duff: "No hope."



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It is shortsighted because the sound risk of to-day may be the unsound risk of to-morrow. One's own determination is not the only thing to be considered, and to-morrow, owing to your illness, or some accidental occurrence, the Company may have to decline to issue a policy on your life.

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Mr. Laidlaw: "Cattle-grazing is an important industry."
Munn I.: "Do they do any ranching, sir?"

Boeck (to Mr. Duff): " Isn't ' eaves ' a Scotch verb, sir?"

Mitchell I. (in study): "Sir, may I be excused?"
Mr. Macdonnell: "If you take a house late."
Mitchell: "Aw, sir, ain't there a discount for stoodents?"

Monty is still faithful to his one and only.

Jardine (to Willians): "Why did you come clean from Mexico to go to school here?"
Willians: "Because cleanliness is next to godliness."

Mr. Tudball: " Take your hands out of your pockets, Cotton."
Cotton: "Don't know how, sir."

A Puzzling Case—The Pinkerton Agency Baffled.

Shortly after the Review's report of the tragic death of Miss Helen Taylor there suddenly appeared upon the scene a young lady so like her in appearance that it is said her most intimate friends were entirely deceived. The new arrival established herself in the place of the late lamented with an assurance that would have been admirable had it not been backed by a meanness that was far from praiseworthy. The supposed Miss Taylor quite deceived Madam Juno Taylor, Mr. Mike Macdonald and other of her former associates, and it is even whispered among those who *should* know that Mr. Jumbo James was quite consoled for the loss of his faithful fiancèe. This, however, may be merely malicious rumor. It was a trying position for all concerned, and the Pinkerton agency had been engaged to work on the case, when a merciful fate afforded a solution to a most embarrassing situation. The impostor—for such the lady undoubtedly was—was stricken suddenly with pneumonia and died unexpectedly at a medical retreat where she had gone for rest and treatment. Thus the Pinkerton force was saved a baffling enquiry, and Miss Helen's fair name is once more cleared by the kindly hand of death.

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Meredith: "Why do girls take their hats off in the theatre?"
Malcolm I.: "To give the rats a chance to see the show."

Mr. Tudball (to Dunning): "Go to your room."

Mr. Knighton: "Its length is 22 millionths of an inch."
Scott II.: "How many miles would that be, sir?"

Mr. Knighton: "When you speak of the rainfall of a country what do you say?"
Bradley: "That it is wet, sir."

Milligan: "Please, sir, what's the difference between teak and antique?"

Willians: "I can write my name now in hours and minutes."
Jardine: "How's that?"
Willians: "In short hand and long hand."

Only the most handsome people read this:

¡ʇuɐɥpuoɥ ɹnoʎ uıɐɥ ʇnq ¡O

IN MEMORIAM.

MARCH 7. ROOM 24.

Oh where, oh where, is all the bunch?
  Whence comes that dreadful roar?
Not a soul is seen in corridors—
  They're all in twenty-four.

Just as the fun commences
  A step sounds at the door,
Every one ducks into hiding
  And the bunch is pretty sore.

The hero faces danger
  And enters without a mate—
In the deathlike stillness cries aloud,
  "Too late, my boys, too late!"

Books for Students

TWICE-BORN MEN *Eng. Title: "Broken Earthenware"* **By Harold Begbie**

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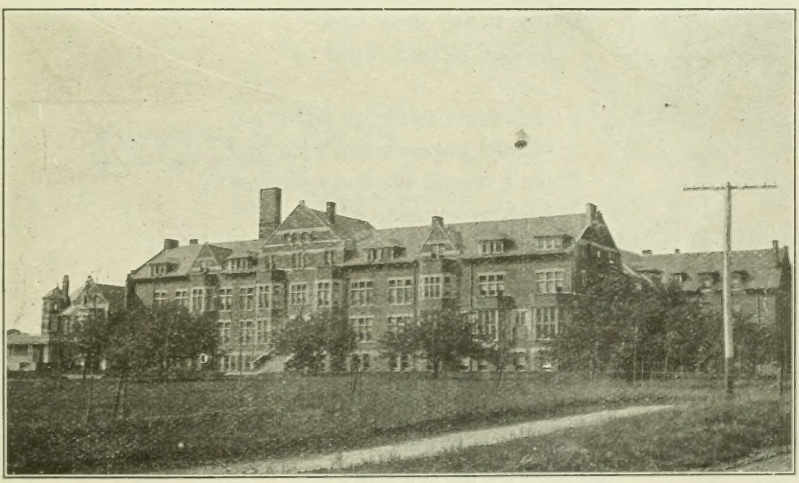

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Valiant, he holds the enemy—
Will help fail to arrive?
Then with a smile and gesture says,
"Good luck! I'm still alive!"

But, horrors! who comes softly now?
The King—it is the King!
And through the darkened corridors
His well-known voice doth ring.

"What means this fearful outrage—
This serious offence?
Who caused this great uprising?
What is your poor defence?"

Then all was stilly silence,
Till bravely spoke some dub,
"It is, your Royal Highness,
A meet of the Honk-Honk Club."

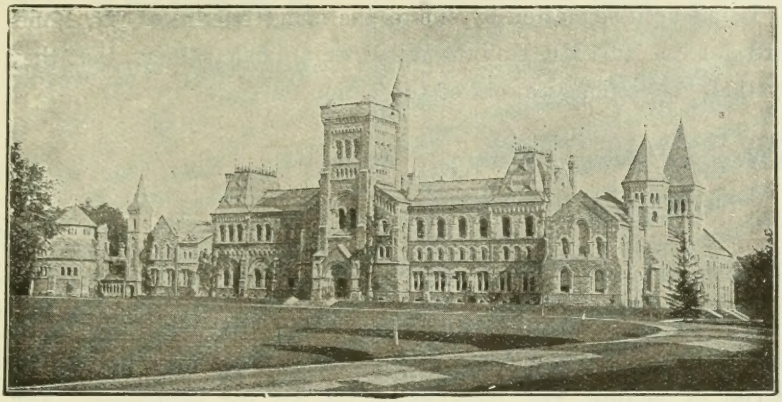
L. M. A.

"I wish I were an owl's egg,
Away up in a tree;
Lying in my cosy nest—
As bad as bad could be!

"I wish some naughty little boy
Would gaze on me with glee,
Then I would bust my little self
And cover *him* with *me!*"

To L. M. A.

You sing a little song or two,
And have a little chat;
You make a little candy fudge,
And then you take your hat;
You hold her hand and say good-night,
As sweetly as you can;
Ain't that an awful evening,
For a great big healthy man?



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It has been suggested by one of the many friends of Mr. Boneyard Jardine and Mr. Holium Williams, animal trainers, that they try their marvellous powers of subjection on Hall.

Veggy: "Going to study late, Ambrose?"
Ambrose: "Speak English!"

SCRAP ON MASTER'S DESK.

The ink called the blotter an old *soak*. That was how the fight started. The ruler got her *foot* into in, *inch by inch*. The *nibs*, instead of helping her, went away and let the *penholder*. The keys were in a bunch and the *pencil led* them away and let the *paper-weight*. Just then the scissors stalked in and cut out the fight and silence reigned supreme.

Ambrose (3 o'clock): "Well, I done reckon I will have to go to Suspension."

Mr. Bishop has arranged a new bill-of-fare for breakfast, so that the boys will get eggs.

Williams (in V. B., hearing of an unexpected spare period): "At last they treat the nobility with due respect."

Heard in Chemistry Class.

Master: "What are metallic salts?"
Voice from back of room: "Ask the nurse."

Mr. Taylor: "Why did Hannibal cross the Alps?"
McKeague: "The same reason that the hen crossed the road, sir."

Auction Sale of Zoo.

Any person wishing to purchase a nice docile monk who has

ST. ANDREW'S College Shields

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been trained to perfection by Mr. Boneyard (the great detective and animal trainer) and his able assistant, Mr. Holiams, B.V.M., will kindly be present at 4 a.m. on Wednesday, June 21st. Auction conducted under personal direction of Jardine & Williams (owners).

Jardine (throwing a stick at Williams).
Williams: "Gee, that just miss my column (Miss McCollum).

HEARD AT CRICKET GAME.

Williams to Mitchell, the "Monk": "Hey! bowl me a decoy. I am going out for a duck."

Davidson: "Say, guy, what-d-ye-think? They're servin' ice cream 'a la Hebrew' in the Baltimore Lunch now."
Williams: "What's 'a la Hebrew'?"
Davidson: "Ice cream Cohens."

Williams: "I got a dog that can smell a storm."
Boneyard: "Gee! I wouldn't have a cur like that around."
Williams: "Why?"
Boneyard: "Because he's a 'storm scenter.'"

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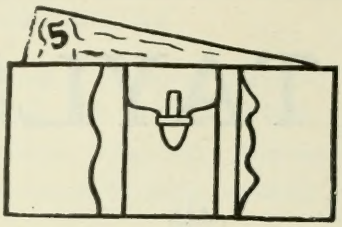

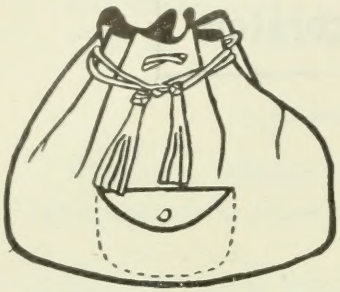

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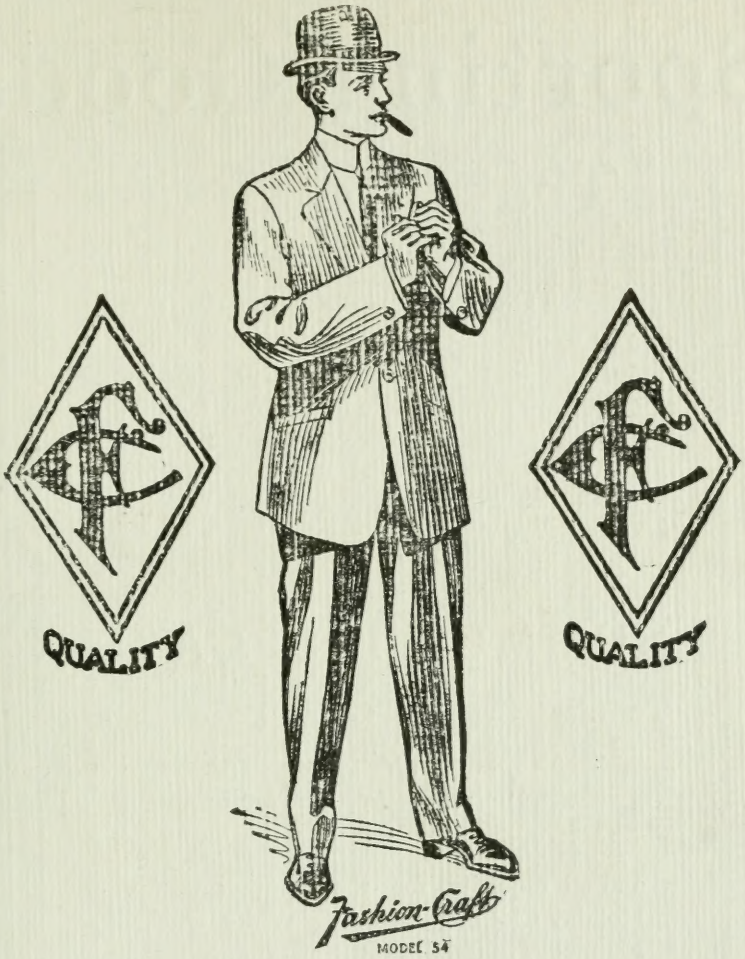

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